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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

READ OF HOW THE VOLUNTEERS & YEOMANRY DEFENDED MANCHESTER AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE FRENCH AND GERMAN TROOPS IN "THE INVADERS."

PAGE 675.

509.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING APRIL 21, 1900. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

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	ath Sunny Skies. Piano Solo	F. Scott		233 Soveta. Spanish Waltz	R. Wilson
	tempo D'Amour. Piano Solo	Noel Thayne		234 Twilight Memories. Piano Solo	Burn Reed
	terfly' Barn Dance	Theo. Bonheur		235 Old Master. March	H. M. Guest
	Reine D'Amour. Piano Solo	F. Scott		236 Whistling Darkie. Barn Dance	Fabian Scott
	Lover's Rock Dance	F. Scott		*237 The Night Attack	Fabian Scott
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	ping on the Waves. Piano Solo	Fabian Scott		*244 Pretoria	" "
	r of my Heart. Waltz. Song	T. Bonheur		*245 Relief	" "
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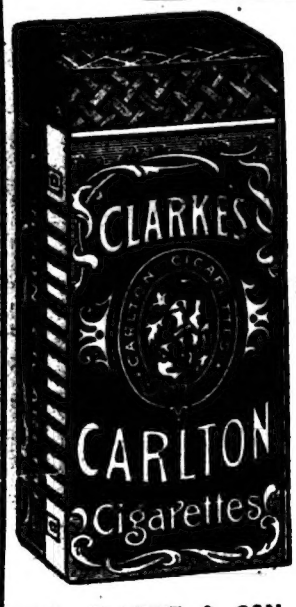

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EASTER DOUBLE NUMBER OF

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE TO AMUSE

No. 509.] Transmission at Book Rates. WEEK ENDING APRIL 21, 1900. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [TWOPENCE.

"WHAT a fellow that Jim Brown is for nagging a man."

"Yes. His personal flings are all of the embrocation sort."

"Embrocation sort! How so?"

"He rubs 'em in."

LIVERYMAN: "I am afraid, sir, I must ask you to pay in advance for the hire of the horse."

Amateur Rider: "What's that for? Are you afraid that I shall come back without the horse?"

Liveryman: "Oh, no, sir! But the horse might come back without you."

OLD LADY: "I want a watch that won't tick so loud."

Clerk: "They all tick like this, ma'am; there's no other kind."

Old Lady: "Oh! I know better. I've heard of them 'silent watches of the night' ever since I kin remember."

LITTLE GIRL: "Please, ma'am, Johnny Smart is making mistakes in his writing lesson."

Teacher: "How do you know?"

Little Girl: "There's three capital S's in the copy to-day, and he's makin' L's."

Teacher: "You can't see his pen."

Little Girl: "No'm, but I can see his tongue."

All rights reserved.]

The Good-Bye Kiss at the Door.

HER eyes were illumed with a glance of pride
And her heart was love aglow,
As she softly tripped to her husband's side
When he opened the door to go.
And there in her morning wrapper trim,
While a smile her red lips wore,
She stood on the steps and gave to him
A good-bye kiss at the door.

She turns to her duties with cheerful heart,
For she has not now to learn
That the wife and husband must often part
When the daily bread's to earn;
And there's peace and joy in her gentle breast
As she sews, or sweeps the floor,
And every task is essayed with zest
For the good-bye kiss at the door.

And the husband striving in life's rough race,
Where there's little time for play,
Has many a glimpse of her smiling face
In his mind through the busy day.
And his look is tender, his eyes are bright
As he cons his ledger o'er,
For he thinks of the welcome that waits at night,
And the good-bye kiss at the door.

O wives and husbands, the world is bright
When the heart with love doth glow,
And its path is smooth and its burden light,
If you're willing to make them so,
And the sun will shine through the darkest day
And scatter the clouds that lower,
And the roses bloom along life's way
For the good-bye kiss at the door.

MRS. DE FASHION: "What perfectly horrible creatures the Chinese are! I am told that in China the men actually buy their wives."

Mrs. De Style: "Yes, isn't it horrible? By-the-way, when is your daughter to marry Mr. Bullion?"

Mrs. De Fashion: "As soon as he recovers from his last attack of gout."

THERE is a good old story of a general whose death was announced in a newspaper by mistake—a circumstance which annoyed him very much. He called on the editor and demanded that a contradiction should be inserted in the next issue.

"That, general," was the editor's reply, "is quite out of the question. We never apologise, and we never withdraw a statement; but I tell you what we'll do for you. We'll put you in the 'Births' next week."

"I HAVE it on good authority that you let young Smithkins kiss you last evening," said a young man to his *fiancée*, and he frowned darkly as he spoke.

The maiden did not deny the accusation. She pouted as she replied:

"You don't love me! So there!"

"Not love you!" replied the young man; "why, I adore you, and you know it."

"No, you don't! True love is unselfish, and you seem to be selfish enough to want all my kisses for yourself."

Saved a Shilling.

AT a certain cloth factory in Scotland it was the custom to fine the workpeople for turning out bad work.

One day a workman brought a piece of cloth to be examined, and the manager found two little holes about an inch apart.

He then showed these to the man and demanded two shillings fine—a shilling for each hole.

"Is it a shilling for each hole?" asked the man.

"Yes," said the manager.

"And is it the same for every hole, big or little?"

"Yes, exactly the same," said the manager.

"Well, then, I'll save a shilling," and putting his fingers in the holes he quickly made the two into one.

A Rope of Worms.

THE CURIOUS PROCESSION THAT MAY BE SEEN IN NORWAY FORESTS.

IN the deep pine forests of Norway the woodcutters sometimes find a serpentine object, fifty feet long, crawling slowly over the ground. If they did not know that it was made up of millions of little worms, they might be frightened by its peculiar appearance.

These worms, called the sciara, gather during July and August in large numbers, preparatory to migrating in search of food or for change of condition. When setting out on this journey, they stick themselves together and form a huge serpentlike mass, often reaching a length of between forty and fifty feet and several inches in thickness.

As the sciara is only on an average about three thirty-seconds of an inch in length, and barely wider than a fine needle, the number required to compose a line of the size above mentioned is enormous.

Their pace is very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they will either writhe over or around it, sometimes breaking into bodies for this purpose.

A celebrated naturalist says that, if the rear portion of this wonderful snake-like procession be brought into contact with the front part and a sort of circle formed, the insects will keep moving round and round in that circle for hours and hours without apparently noticing that they are not getting on in their journey. If the procession be broken in two, the portions will re-unite in a short time.

The Norwegian peasants, when they meet one of these trains, will lay some article of their clothing, such as a belt or handkerchief, on the ground in front of it. If the procession passes over it, it is regarded as a good sign: but if it goes round the obstacle the reverse is believed.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £1,000 Railway Insurance, and the £100 Cycling and Football Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, April 12th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, April 21st, 1900. For full particulars see page 690.

The Twentieth Century Begins on January 1st, 1901, and Potchefstroom is the Capital of the Transvaal.

IF IT'S IN P.W., *IT'S SO.*

TALES OF LLOYD'S.

By J. L. Hornibrook and Lionel Jervis.

I.—A "SQUARE" DEAL.

"SCHREIBER and Arkwright—Donaldson!"

It was hard upon noon, and business at Lloyd's was in full swing. The main room, cut across its entire length with row upon row of desks, gave one the impression of a board school at first sight. But the figures bending over those desks were those of spruce, frock-coated City men—underwriters' and brokers' clerks mostly—and instead of a droning hum, there was a vigour and crispness in the conversation, which told that the keen business instinct was at work.

Through a door on the right underwriters and their representatives were constantly popping in and out. In there, in that little room, many a man had suddenly been brought face to face with black disaster. Technically it is known as "The Chamber of Horrors." Here, on the mahogany partitions, divers telegrams and papers, fraught with fate, are hung; the familiar buff-coloured forms announcing arrivals in the United Kingdom, the yellow slips indicating arrivals abroad. Side by side with these are the dreaded yellow telegrams, which tell of shipwreck and disaster of every kind.

In the large outer room the presiding genius of the place, the crier, occupied a sort of pulpit-like structure at one end. It was he who, on this particular morning, raised his stentorian voice, and, for the second time, sent that summons echoing down the length of the room.

"Schreiber and Arkwright—Donaldson!"

In response a smart, well-dressed young fellow, who had just issued from "The Chamber of Horrors," stepped briskly towards the barrier. There a one-armed commissionaire, who was vacantly watching the busy scene, awaited him.

"What's up, Branscombe?" demanded the new-comer.

"Guvnor wants to see you, sir," replied the man.

"Which of them?"

"Both, sir, I fancy. They've had a long talk together, and sent me flying off for you. Said you were to hurry up."

Kenneth Donaldson passed through the barrier, ran nimbly down the stairs, and emerged into the crowded London street. Adjusting his glossy silk hat, he hurried round to the office of Messrs. Schreiber and Arkwright, general merchants and ship owners, of which firm he was the representative at Lloyd's.

Once during that short walk he paused—suddenly, and with an uneasy, embarrassed air, as if he found himself confronted by some startling doubt. He hesitated, looked down, gnawed his trim moustache, and appeared to ponder deeply. Then, with a careless "Pshaw!" he dismissed the matter, whatever it was, from his mind, and walked on.

He pushed open the swing door of the office, and entered. One of his fellow clerks, who was turning over the leaves of a ledger at the counter, indicated an inner door, conspicuously marked "Private," with a jerk of his thumb. To be ushered into that room was an ordeal which one and all dreaded, for there, from ten till six, sat the ogre of the establishment—Jabez Schreiber himself.

It was with a firm step, and brisk, confident manner that Kenneth Donaldson entered the room. His standing in the firm was assured; he was their right hand man, their outside representative. It was to him they looked when any particularly "smart" piece of business, in which both the partners preferred to keep discreetly in the background, had to be carried through.

The moment the door closed upon him, however, Donaldson's easy manner rolled from him like a garment. His face fell, and a nervous affection of the eyelid, to which he was subject in moments of excitement, was painfully manifest. A chill went through him, as if an icy hand had been laid upon his heart.

It was not that the sleek and oily Schreiber looked more sleek and oily than usual—which was always a bad sign—or that the long, cadaverous countenance of Septimus Arkwright seemed to be more coffin-like in expression. No; what struck that sudden chill to the young man's heart was the sight of an open ledger, which lay on the desk before the senior partner, and from which the latter had evidently been making copious extracts.

Motioned to a seat, Donaldson sat down with the dazed, numbed feeling of a man upon whom some terrible and unexpected blow had fallen.

"We have sent for you, Mr. Donaldson," began Schreiber, in his suave and silky tones, toying with the cord which held his glittering eye-glasses, "we have sent for you to discuss a little matter we find here"—tapping the open ledger—"quietly, and between ourselves, you understand."

He raised his glasses to his high-bridged nose for a moment, as if to note the effect of this opening remark. With a covert smile he lowered them again, and proceeded:

"We quite recognise, and are prepared to admit, that you have rendered us valuable service in the past. Indeed, speaking both for Mr. Arkwright and myself, I may say that we hold a very high opinion of your abilities; but honesty, you know, Mr. Donaldson—honesty ranks first in everything."

Possibly, though it certainly did not occupy a premier position in Mr. Jabez Schreiber's business catechism. Indeed, if the same had been printed, that word would have been found remarkably low down on the list, and probably inserted in the smallest possible type.

"We find on looking through our books," he went on, "that there are defalcations to the extent of nearly one thousand pounds. We have gone very carefully through the accounts, and have had little difficulty in tracing the items. I have here a list of the different items. Perhaps you would like to run your eye over it? If any little error should have crept in please point it out."

Donaldson mechanically took the paper and stared at it vacantly. He remained absolutely mute, stricken by the suddenness of this discovery. It is true he had taken the money, had speculated with it; but in a day or two, if things turned out all right, he would have been in a position to replace it, and gloss over the defalcations.

And now? Well, there was still that if. Two days—forty-eight hours—would probably have set him right, but the hand of fate had intervened. What if his rash speculations resulted in a loss, and he was unable to make good the amount? Ruin—imprisonment probably—awaited him in that event.

"I will undertake to refund this money," he said at length, moistening his dry lips.

"A very proper resolution," croaked Arkwright.

"What I should have expected," assented Schreiber. "But," he went on, "there is another question to be considered. We may take it, I presume, that if your connection with the firm was severed in an abrupt and summary manner it would seriously interfere with your prospects in life?"

Donaldson raised his head quickly, and stared at the speaker in a doubtful, half-startled sort of way.

"Well," continued Schreiber in the same smooth, benign tones, "we have talked this matter over, Mr. Arkwright and I, and are willing to overlook your offence. We have decided to retain you—on certain conditions."

Kenneth Donaldson knew his employers too well to be deceived by this mock benevolence. He saw the drift of the thing clearly enough. By accepting these "certain conditions" he would simply place himself, bound hand and foot, in the power of two of the sharpest and most unprincipled traders in the city of London. Henceforth he would be theirs, body and soul; their tool, their instrument in every shady transaction they chose to engage in. He was to be retained, it is true, but solely for the purpose of undertaking the firm's dirty work.

"We do not wish to be hard upon you regarding the repayment of the money," said Schreiber. "We will give you time—say three months. But the amount—we will call it a thousand—must be refunded by then."

"Precisely," chimed in Arkwright. "Meanwhile, until this matter is settled, we cannot allow you to represent the firm at Lloyd's."

"That is understood, of course," agreed the senior partner. "We may have occasion to employ you in other directions, though. But please bear in mind, Mr. Donaldson," he added in a significant tone, "that whatever commission we may intrust to you must be accepted without question. Now you had better go and think the matter over. Let us know your decision to-morrow."

Kenneth Donaldson had entered that room with a jaunty step and assured manner; he emerged broken, crushed, disgraced. In that brief interval the current of his life had set in a new direction. How was he to stem it? And if he allowed himself to be swept down by the stream, whither would it lead?

For the remainder of that day he moped about the City. It was a black, a disastrous day for him. Everything seemed to go wrong. He made inquiries regarding his speculations, and found that the brilliant results he had anticipated were very far from being realised. There was little to hope for in that direction; his schemes had fizzled out, and were likely to end in dismal failure.

When he got home at last he sat down with a throbbing head and jaded mind. He tried to think matters out, to face the situation. Perhaps during the long hours that he brooded and pondered there his better genius urged him at all costs, no matter what it entailed, to shake off the trammels with which his rascally employers sought to bind him. But it seemed hopeless—utterly hopeless. They had got their net round him; he was entangled. There was no escape save by the way which the two artful schemers had pointed out to him.

How to raise the thousand pounds was the first question to be determined. A thousand pounds! At the present moment he could not lay his hand upon a thousand shillings. In this dilemma his thoughts kept veering round in the same direction time after time. The family jewels! That magnificent ruby and topaz necklace which was lying useless at a banker's.

Donaldson came of a good northern family, of which he and his twin brother, Alexander, were now the sole representatives. His uncle, old Archibald Donaldson, the Master of Intrae, having no direct heir of his own, and hating his nephews with a very cordial hatred, had inserted a curious clause in his will. He bequeathed the necklace equally to Kenneth and Alexander Donaldson, with the strict stipulation that under no circumstances whatever was it to be sold.

Either could, of course, dispose of his share to the other; but considering the fact that the necklace was worth at least five thousand pounds, this did not appear a very likely contingency. For the present, therefore, it was absolutely useless to both, and would remain so until one or other of the brothers died.

The old gentleman must have chuckled slyly to himself when he made this benevolent bequest. He knew that each of his nephews coveted that splendid piece of jewellery, that neither would make the smallest concession with regard to it, and that it would probably be a case of one endeavouring to overreach the other. He had left them a source of continual heartburning, of perpetual irritation—that which would unquestionably give rise to envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

It never occurred to the canny Master of Intrae that he was the one who might be overreached in the end. When two such smart young men as Kenneth and Alexander Donaldson put their heads together, something was bound to come of it—some little scheme, for instance, by which the latter might obtain undisputed possession of the necklace, and the former its equivalent in hard cash, which would be eminently satisfactory to both.

Nevertheless, when Kenneth Donaldson was brought face to face with disaster, his fertile brain evolved a masterly, if nefarious, scheme of this kind. He lost no time in getting to work upon it.

His first step was to signify his acceptance of Messrs. Schreiber and Arkwright's terms.

His next, to indite a long letter to his brother, who occupied a responsible post in the Customs of India, which he contrived to make fairly lucrative.

Then he waited.

In three weeks or so the cable flashed back an answer to his Indian epistle. It was brief and to the point—simply the one word "Yes."

Straight to the banker's went Master Kenneth, and interviewed the manager. He had no difficulty in obtaining possession of the necklace; every obstacle had been removed by the receipt of a cablegram from Calcutta, through the banker's own agents, in which Alexander Donaldson instructed them to hand over the jewels to his brother.

For the next three or four days Kenneth's spare time was fully occupied. He was a bit of a mechanical genius, and could turn out all sorts of curious and wonderful toys. It had always been his hobby, and he had quite a passion for the art.

But it was no mere toy upon which he now exercised his ingenuity; something far more subtle and intricate. The red leather box containing the jewels lay before him on the table as a pattern. He was shaping another exactly like it.

When the work was finished he laid the two side by side, and examined them with a critical eye. They were identical. The only difference was in the weight; the new box was lighter than the other, but if the necklace were transferred to it the two would have balanced each other pretty evenly on the scales.

The next mail took another long letter to Alexander Donaldson, also a bulky package. Of the latter there will be more to say later on.

At this stage Kenneth sought an interview with Mr. Jabez Schreiber. He explained to him in a somewhat doleful manner that his health had broken down, and that he wished to undertake a voyage to India. He added, by way of incentive, that he intended to avail of the opportunity in order to dispose of some family jewels, in which he had an interest, to his brother. This would enable him to refund the thousand pounds immediately on his return.

The wily Schreiber's eye twinkled. Long practice on his own account enabled him to detect anything shady in an affair of this kind immediately it was mooted. He had no objection to giving young Donaldson a little rope, knowing full well that he could haul him back again if he was inclined to roam too far.

Besides, there were one or two matters affecting the firm out in India which Donaldson could look into while he was on the spot. And, perhaps—yes, there might be some useful information to be picked up; some geographical hints, for instance, as to where one of their old tramp steamers could be conveniently put away, without giving rise to awkward questions, would undoubtedly come in handy. But let the young fellow manage his own little affair first, by all means!

"Very good, Mr. Donaldson," he said, when he had run these points over in his mind. "When do you propose to start?"

"I think I shall wait for the *Golconda*," returned the other.

"And you will insure the jewels, of course?" said Schreiber blandly.

"Of course."

"A very wise precaution."

So wise indeed was it that Donaldson put the matter in training at once. He went to a firm of brokers, where he was well known, displayed the jewels, and explained his wishes. He undertook that the case should be locked and sealed in the captain's presence, and then deposited in the ship's safe.

It was all plain and straight sailing; so much so that he had no difficulty whatever in effecting an insurance for £6,000. The slip was soon filled up, the policy made out in due course, and the underwriters regarded the premium as safe in their pockets for all time to come.

Donaldson had not selected the *Golconda* at random. Oh, dear, no! Every step he took in this matter was carefully considered beforehand. He left nothing to chance.

It so happened that the *Golconda's* commander was a certain Captain Foley. It so happened, too, that this worthy skipper had had certain dealings with the firm of Schreiber and Arkwright in times past which he was not likely to forget. In fact, in his innermost soul he firmly believed that he had been tricked and swindled, though he was not in a position to prove it. Donaldson had represented the firm in these matters, and Donaldson and Captain Foley had been at deadly enmity ever since.

So when the young man in question put in an appearance on board his ship, the skipper promptly turned his back upon him. Kenneth smiled, and politely begged the favour of the captain's attention for a moment.

"What is it?" growled the commander.

Donaldson explained. He produced the red leather case containing the jewels, and mildly stated that he wished to deposit it in the ship's safe.

Captain Foley would willingly have washed his hands of the whole business; but as that was not possible, he displayed an elaborate precaution in dealing with the matter, which plainly showed the opinion he entertained of the owner. The jewels were examined, invoiced, and the case locked and sealed, in the presence of two of the ship's officers. Donaldson pocketed the receipt, gravely saluted the skipper, and walked off.

Throughout the voyage the two were at daggers-drawn. For the most part they kept clear of each other, but whenever they chanced to come together, Foley lost no opportunity of snubbing his old enemy. In fact, he had made up his mind to be disagreeable, and he adhered to it strictly.

When they reached Calcutta, one of the first to come on board was Alexander Donaldson himself. The two brothers exchanged a hasty greeting, and Kenneth walked off to claim his jewels. Captain Foley was awaiting him.

Love stories, tales of adventure, and humourous stories, appear each week in SHORT STORIES.

"Here is your property," said the skipper, proffering the jewel case, "and I may tell you plainly that I am not sorry to be rid of it."

"Pardon me, Captain Foley," replied Donaldson coldly, declining to accept the case. "You made yourself singularly offensive to me when I intrusted the jewels to your care. I must insist upon the same formalities being gone through now as then. This case will have to be opened in the presence of the same witnesses. It might be well, too, that the Customs' officials who are now on board should be present also."

Captain Foley looked black as thunder, but could not well refuse. The two officers were summoned, also Alexander Donaldson and his assistant.

When they were all present, the seals were broken. Kenneth produced his key, inserted it in the lock, and gave it a sharp turn to the left.

The lid flew open. There was a gasp, a cry, and a deep oath from the captain.

The case was empty!

Kenneth Donaldson closed the lid with a snap, and handed the case to his brother. The latter dropped it into his pocket.

A moment later, however, he drew it out again, and remarking that as he was closely related to the owner he had better not keep it, laid it on the table before the astonished captain.

That done the two brothers took their departure.

* * *

The same evening the pair were seated in Alexander's cosy sitting-room. On the table before them was a red leather jewel case, upon which both were gazing admiringly.

"This is the way it works," explained Kenneth, inserting the key in the lock. "You see, the thing has a false bottom. Turn the key to the *right*—so—and the jewels are there. Twist it round to the *left*, and—hey!—presto!—they have disappeared. Neat, isn't it?"

"Very," assented the other. "As to the rest, I keep the jewels, you collar the coin. It's what I call a square deal."

It is scarcely necessary to remark that the case which originally contained the necklace was done up in that bulky package which Kenneth had forwarded to his brother from London. The latter had come on board with it in his pocket.

It was that, and not the one in which the jewels were secreted, which he had drawn out and handed back to the captain.

After a pleasant stay in Calcutta, Kenneth Donaldson returned to London. There in a very short time, he became richer to the extent of £6,000, leaving it to the underwriters and owners to fight out the question of responsibility among themselves.

NEXT WEEK:
"Murder on the High Seas."

A Lake That Eats Boats.

A STRANGE lake exists in the centre of Sulphur Island, off New Zealand. It is 50 acres in extent, about 12ft. in depth, and 15ft. above the level of the sea.

The most remarkable characteristic of this lake is that the water contains vast quantities of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids hissing and bubbling at a temperature of 110deg. Fahr.

The dark green-coloured water looks particularly uninviting. Dense clouds of sulphuric fumes constantly roll off this boiling cauldron, and care has to be exercised in approaching this lake to avoid the risk of suffocation. On the opposite side of the lake may be seen the tremendous blow-holes, which, when in full blast, present an awe-inspiring sight. The roar of the steam as it rushes forth into the air is deafening, and often huge boulders and stones are hurled out to a height of several hundred feet by the various internal forces of nature.

A boat can be launched on the lake, and if proper care be observed, the very edges of the blow-holes may be safely explored.

Some idea of the strength of the acid-saturated water of this lake may be gathered from the fact that a boat almost dropped to pieces after all the passengers had been landed, as the rivets had corroded under the influence of the acids.

Rather Too Severe.

THERE was a young man who, while of superior intelligence, was as awkward as a cow, and though he loved to dance he never learnt how to do so gracefully and not walk over the girl's feet.

At a ball one evening he was talking to a young lady after a waltz.

"Do you know," he said, "that a person traverses about three-quarters of a mile in the course of an average waltz?"

The girl wasn't in a very good humour.

"Well," she responded with some significance, not to say asperity, "I should have put it a little more than that—say three-quarters of a mile and two feet."

ROSE: "Did you ever faint, Isabel?"

Isabel: "Only once; and I bumped my head so hard that I never tried it again."

Word-Chasing Competition.

FIRST PRIZE, £5. SECOND PRIZE, £2. 50 CONSOLATION PRIZES.

HERE you have an entirely new form of competition. It will help you to pass a few hours pleasantly, and will probably bring you a five-pound note. All you have to do is to solve the problem, post your attempt in an envelope, marked "Word-chasing," to reach this office by Monday, April 23rd. If you can't make all of them out yourself, ask your friends to help you.

CONDITIONS.

How many words are there here, and what are they? Each picture represents a word, and a fresh word may be constructed out of each by prefixing the capital letters around it. For example, take the picture of the Ark. At least four words may be made out of this by prefixing the letters around it—Dark, Hark, Bark, and Park. You are also allowed to use letters from other parts of the diagram—Mark, for instance. Also you may add one of the letters given instead of prefixing it, but in any case not more than one letter at a time may be added or prefixed.

Write out your list of words in alphabetical order on a half sheet of paper, and send to us, together with this diagram, to arrive not later than Monday, April 23rd.

£5 will be given to the reader from whom we receive the greatest number of words, and £2 to the sender of the next greatest.

Fifty consolation prizes will also be awarded. In the event of a tie the prizes will be divided.

Righting a Wrong.

DOBBER (the artist): "I have called, Mr. Gotcash, to make a confession, to which I am driven by the pangs of a gnawing conscience. I grossly deceived you in regard to that pastoral picture you purchased from me two months ago."

Old Gotcash: "Did, hey? How, may I ask?"

Dobber: "Those blotches in the foreground of the painting—you spoke of them as gooseberry bushes—Mr. Gotcash, I—I cannot conceal the truth any longer; they are cows!"

"SIMPSON looks fagged out. What's the matter?"

"He's been counting up all the things he could have bought with the sovereign he lost."

SHE (enthusiastically): "Oh, George, don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true, and the beautiful?"

He: "Rather! That's why I'm here to-night."

HOW TO DRESS WELL.

CLUB TOGETHER AND BUY YOUR CLOTHES WHOLESALE.

ONE of the greatest trials with the young fellow and the girl in her 'teens is that they cannot afford the expense of dressing so nicely as they could wish. The rate of salaries in these days of close competition does not allow of young people fitting themselves out with more than, say, a couple of suits of clothes or two dresses a year; but a scheme which has originated at Doylestown, near Philadelphia, provides a way by which any young fellow or girl—and there is no reason why it should not apply to the older classes as well—can dress well, not to say luxuriously, at very little expense.

The scheme originated in this way: In Doylestown there are four odd characters who pool their issues in buying shoes. They all have the same sized feet, and each regards this fact in the nature of a libel perpetrated upon him by the other three.

Every year each one of the quartette pays in about two pounds, and the fund of eight pounds is expended for boots and shoes.

By buying them in such quantities there is naturally a reduction in the price, and for the sum of money expended in the way indicated quite a good stock of footwear is stored. One would think that there would be a fair and equal division of the property, but that is not their little game. The boots and shoes are owned collectively, "share and share alike" being their motto, and when not being worn they are kept at the club, which is the general resort of the odd quartette.

If one of the four wants to wear new shoes or boots he goes to the club and puts them on. If he wants to change to a pair that have already been broken in he does so. If he wears heavy boots in the daytime and wants to don patents to attend the theatre in the evening, he goes to his club and changes.

These fellows have been doing this for some considerable time, and say they wouldn't manage in any other way.

Surely this extraordinary scheme suggests that the idea could be worked to advantage in other ways than that already put into use.

There is no reason why friends could not band themselves together such as the quartette at Doylestown have done, and in some way or other make common purchases that would be of advantage to all. It is nothing more or less than the co-operative principle carried out on a small scale; in fact, co-operativism in this country originated on a system which, when fined down, amounts to nothing more or less than what the Doylestown quartette are carrying out to-day on successful lines.

Of course, it is not always easy or practical to find many of your friends or relations who are similarly situated to yourself in respect to the size of their feet, or, maybe, you are fortunate in having dainty pedal extremities. Let us hope so.

But there must be no end of instances in which you could get three or four other people to join you in purchasing a quantity of gloves, socks, boots or shoes, or even edibles, and, as you well know, the purchase of a quantity gives you enormous advantages.

In families where a "penny is a penny," as the saying goes, it is a consideration to be able to save a few shillings in one way or another; and to those who are glad to be able to effect a little saving, the case of the Doylestown quartette should commend itself.

The April PEARSON'S is crammed with splendid stories for Easter reading. There are "Stories of Other Worlds," by George Griffith, "Night Road Romances," "Historic Mysteries," and stories of sport, of love, and of war, all profusely illustrated.

The Coming Black Sheep.

A well-known clergyman tries to cultivate friendly relations with the younger members of his flock. In a recent talk to his Sunday-school he urged the children to speak to him whenever they met.

The next day a dirty-faced urchin, having a generally disreputable appearance, accosted him in the street with:

"How do, Mister?"

The clergyman stopped, and cordially inquired:

"And who are you, sir?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy affably. "Fine day!"

And tilting his hat on the back of his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement.

Kenneth (aged three, very tired by a long walk): "Mamma, my shoes are getting new again!"

"Three days on that job; hard work, too!"

"Three days on a little job like that?"

"Yes, three: two in trying to get to work, and the other on the job."

Teacher (at a village school): "To-morrow I shall relate to you the story of the egg of Columbus. Every boy must bring an egg with him to school. If he can't get an egg a little butter will do as well."

The surgeon-major goes the round of the sick wards: "Well, No. 6, how are you getting on?"

"Oh, doctor, I am as hungry as a horse!"

"As hungry as a horse? Very good," turning to the sergeant in attendance; "put down half a ration of hay for No. 6."

A Work of Supererogation.

Two passages from a recent examination paper placed before the pupils at a London school of cookery, are amusing.

One question was: "Describe a thermometer and its notation."

It brought forth this answer: "A thermometer has two good points—the boiling point, and the freezing point. The former is useful for potatoes and the latter for ice cream."

The other reply was elicited by the lecturer in giving a practical lesson on fish cookery, who said:

"First you take the fish and wash it well, and then——"

Adult Pupil (interrupting): "How absurd! Just fancy having to wash a fish—and after it has spent all its life in water, too!"

Brassy: "Your wife is a charming woman. I like her style."

Fender: "You wouldn't if you had to pay for it."

A.: "I suppose you never become enthusiastic about anything?"

B.: "Once in my life I was enthusiastic about something—and eight weeks afterwards it was my wife."

"How do you define the phrase, 'as black as your hat'?" asked a finical professor of a student who had just used the expression.

"Well, sir," replied the student, "I should define it as darkness that might be felt."

Bulkins was very pious, very fond of the ladies, and very bald on the back of his head. The other evening he was calling on a girl, and was giving her some serious talk.

"Ah, Miss Mary," he said, "we are watched over very carefully. Even the hairs of our heads are numbered."

"Yes, Mr. Bulkins," she replied, "but some of the back numbers of yours appear to be missing."

A Mild Hint.

Young Hopeful: "Papa, it worries me awfully to think how much trouble I give mamma."

Papa: "She hasn't complained."

"No, she's so patient. But she often sends me to the shops for things, and the shops is a good way off sometimes, and I know she gets quite tired of waitin' when she's in a hurry."

"Not often, I expect."

"Oh, she's nearly always in a hurry. She gets everything all ready for bread and finds at the last minute she hasn't any yeast; or she gets a pudding arranged, and finds she hasn't any nutmeg or something; and then she's in an awful stew 'cause the oven is all ready, and p'raps company comin', and I can't run a very long distance, you know, and I feel awful sorry for poor mamma."

"Humph! well, what can we do about it?"

"I was thinkin' you might get me a bicycle."

100 Miles an Hour on the Ice.

The broad stretch of ice, with its beautiful maze of the Thousand Islands, where Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence join, is the great racing-ground of the Canadian ice-boats. Here they may be seen in hundreds, skimming like swallows over the ice at rates, varying with the wind, from forty to a hundred miles an hour.

The boats consist simply of cross-beams mounted on skates, with the barest accommodation for the skipper, who hangs on to his little craft as it flashes along at more than railway speed.

The singular thing about this fascinating pastime is that, by steering the boat a little athwart the breeze, it can be made to outstrip the very wind which propels it.

A pastime which rivals the ice-boat in the favour of Canadians, and which probably requires more skill and dexterity than any other game played, is that of hockey on the ice. The object of the game is to hit the "puck" or india-rubber disc to the goal, and the speed with which the players cover the ice, and the rapidity with which they circle or come to a dead stop, are simply bewildering to the onlooker.

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, you know the eagle stands for America. What animal typifies Great Britain?"

Johnny: "I dunno."

Teacher: "Oh, yes, you do. Think for a moment; it begins with 'L.'"

Johnny (eagerly): "Lobster."

When Highlanders Fought Without Kilts.

Although the garb of old Gaul continues to be worn in the present war, despite the recognised fact of its being a conspicuous mark for the enemy, yet in the Ashanti campaign (1874) the Black Watch wore trousers and leggings, for so dense were the trees and undergrowth, particularly between the Prah and Coomassie, that the kilt would have soon been destroyed.

The Highlanders, probably for the only time throughout a war, fought without their national costume, and in connection with such active operations, displayed transformations in uniforms likely to ever remain unique in the history of any army.

From the day of embarkation until arrival home, the 42nd wore the brownish grey suit as issued to the whole force that fought under Sir Garnet Wolseley, but on landing at Portsmouth were conspicuous in their tartan trews, whilst shortly afterwards at Windsor where the Queen reviewed the victorious little force, the stalwart Scots were in their cherished kilts.

Throughout the January (1874) the Black Watch wore the Ashanti active service uniform (which included a helmet); in Febuary they had donned the trews and undress cap, and in March they strode again in kilt with swinging sporran and wearing bonnets as proudly as any that were thrown up at "Bonnie Dundee."

Young Housekeeper: "Have you any boneless bacon?"

Butcher: "Yes'm."

Young Housekeeper: "Well, send me some, and some boneless liver also. I want to have liver and bacon for breakfast."

A Badly-worded Proposal.

A widow of comely face and buxom form occupied one corner of the 'bus, and next her sat a middle-aged man whose conversation denoted that he, too, had been deprived by death of the companionship of a spouse.

The twain were acquainted, and were discussing each other's loss aloud, to the edification of the rest of the passengers.

Then the conversation took a tender turn, and their looks indicated that the mutual sympathy between them had ripened into a warmer sentiment.

The passengers saw the widower sit a wee bit closer to the widow, and heard him say in tones too loud for a stage whisper:

"It's too lonely and hard for me to endure it any longer, Mrs. Murphy; I'm thinking of getting married again."

"Well, I don't blame you one bit, Mr. Kelly," said the widow, with a look which in her earlier days used to make the heart of the late Murphy thump against his ribs.

Thus encouraged the widower moved still closer and eyed the blooming Mrs. Murphy with such favour that she dropped her gaze to the floor.

"Yes," continued he, "I am beginning seriously to think about taking the step. I believe as soon as I find a good, strong, healthy woman, able and willing to do my housework, I'll ask her to marry me."

He said this with a coaxing, insinuating air, and paused to hear the widow's answer.

It came more quickly than he expected.

"Well, Mr. Kelly," said she tartly, "I wish you luck in your undertaking, and if I hear of any stout, healthy woman out of employment I'll send her to you."

Plenty Like Her.

Mrs. Spankers: "I wish to get a house in a quiet neighbourhood."

Agent: "Yes, madam, we can accommodate you. I have a vacant house in a street which is as quiet as a Sabbath morn all the year round. No barking dogs, no children, no nuisance of any kind."

Mrs. Spanker: "That's exactly what I want. How lucky I happened to come to you! How many rooms has it."

Agent: "Ten."

Mrs. Spanker: "That's just right. We want a good deal of room. We have nine children. I hope there's space at the back for a dog-house. We have three."

Sympathetic Small Girl: "Oh, you poor Jack, have you been fighting?"

Gory and Begrimed Small Boy: "No; I've been fought."

Eleanor: "Look at those fish—thousands of them."

Ma: "Yes, that is a school."

Eleanor: "Oh, no, it isn't, they're too small; that must be a kindergarten."

Dorothy (noticing with great distress a rip in her doll, whence the sawdust was spilling out): "Oh, mamma, please do something quick! Dolly's just sawdusting herself to death."

"I tell you, sir, the tarring and feathering of that miserable scoundrel was an unpardonable outrage!"

"Why do you speak so warmly?"

"Because I'm vice-president of the society that firmly opposes the use of feathers for personal adornment."

Why He Was Anxious.

While Archbishop Trench was Dean of Westminster he delegated Canon Cureton to preach at the Abbey on a certain saint's day. On such days the boys of Westminster School attended service, and after service had the rest of the day as a holiday. While Mr. Cureton, on the morning of the day he was to officiate, was looking over his sermon at the breakfast table, his son asked in a tone vibrating with anxiety:

"Father, is yours a long sermon to-day?"

"No, Jimmy, not very."

"But how long? Please tell me."

"Well, about twenty minutes, I should say. But why are you so anxious to know?"

"Because, father, the boys say they will thrash me awfully if you are more than half an hour."

Mrs. Poplin: "Mr. Chiffon may be a very wealthy man, as you say, but I know this much, that his wife does not have enough money to dress on."

Mr. Poplin: "Of course not. No woman ever did."

Country Customer: "What's the price of that French clock?"

Shopman: "Five-and-twenty pounds."

Country customer: "My eye! No wonder it keeps its hands before its face!"

Jones: "No one could be fonder of me than Ada; she writes to me every day."

Smith: "That is nothing to Flora's affection for me; she does nothing but wire all day." (But he forgot to say that she was employed at a flower-shop.)

According to an old joke Englishmen used to say: "It's a fine morning. Let's go out and kill something."

But now they say: "It's a fine morning. Let's build some new battleships."

And they do it, too.

His Confession.

"Ethel," said Jack Smart, as he placed his arms round his wife and looked down into her eyes, "I have a confession to make to you, and I want you to promise before I begin it that you will forgive me."

A wild fear took possession of her. She placed a little white hand upon her heart, and would have fallen if her husband had not held her up. Her face became livid, and she could only gasp:

"Tell me—tell me the worst!"

"I did a man out of a cold hundred to-day," he said. "I confess I took advantage of him, but I trust my darling will make allowances in view of the sore temptation."

The colour came back into her cheeks; her lips parted in a glad, sweet smile; she rested her head against his breast, and, looking fondly up into his eyes, said:

"Oh, Jack, dear, how you frightened me! I thought you were going to tell me that you had kissed some horrid woman."

If you entertain, don't miss the "High Tea Suggestion" in HOME NOTES this week.

HOW THE NEW WAR TAXES AFFECT OUR POCKETS.

How Much More Will You Have to Pay this Year?

AFTER the war comes the time of reckoning. Who is to pay the bill? With the new Budget before us we can discover how much each of us will be called upon to pay in hard cash during the coming year to meet the nation's increased expenditure.

Both rich and poor will have to contribute their share. The questions of interest to each man are: "How much shall I have to pay? Shall I, or someone else, be hit the hardest by the new taxes?"

Here are the additional taxes:

1. Income-tax,	an extra	4d.	in the £1.
2. Tea,	,,	2d.	per lb.
3. Beer,	,,	1s.	,, 36-gallon barrel.
4. Spirits,	,,	6d.	,, gallon.
5. Tobacco,	,,	4d.	,, lb.
6. Cigars,	,,	6d.	,, lb.

The only classes of people who will not feel any of these extra burdens are: (1) Those without any source of income. (2) Those who, having incomes less than £160 a year, are exempt from income-tax, and neither drink tea, beer, or spirits, nor smoke tobacco or cigars—a very diminutive class indeed.

Take, however, the average working-man, earning, say, £50 a year—for he after all is typical of the largest class in the Kingdom—and let us see how he is affected.

Taxes on income, spirits, and cigars do not trouble him much, but tea is an important item in his household expenditure. Tea will be 2d. per pound dearer, and putting the consumption by his family at half a pound per week, the extra expense will be 1d. per week, or 4s. 4d. a year. His tobacco, too, will cost him another 1d. a week. The price of beer per glass will probably not be affected—only the quality. This will not appreciably hurt the poor man's pocket—nor, perhaps, his constitution either.

A man earning £50 a year might conceivably spend a little money on spirits, but at the very highest estimate his extra expenses for the year, due to the war taxes, will not be more than 9s., made up as follows:

	s.	d.
Extra tax on tea	4	4
Extra tax on tobacco	4	4
Sundries	0	4
	9	0

or less than one per cent. of his income.

If his income be under £50 a year, less will be spent by him or his family on tea and tobacco; if more, a larger allowance must be made in proportion to the increase of income.

Next we come to the man earning between £100 and £160. He will probably indulge in a cigar now and then, and run up a larger bill for spirits than his poorer brother. His family, too, will allow themselves more tea, but his tobacco bill will hardly be increased appreciably. Thus we may put his burden of the new taxation as follows:

Tea	10s. a year extra.
Tobacco	5s. a year extra.
Spirits and cigars	5s. a year extra.
Total	£1

Surveying our calculations to this point, we may take it that the extra cash out of pocket owing to the new taxes will gradually increase from zero in the case of a man with no income, to 9s. for the man with £50 a year, and steadily upwards to £1 for the £160 a year man.

Now, a new and very important factor enters into the situation, for income-tax must be paid on incomes over £160, and the increase of the income-tax (4d. in the £1) is a large item.

Take the earner of £200 a year. He probably will not need to spend much more on tea, tobacco, beer, spirits or cigars than the man who earns £150, but he has to pay income-tax on £40, *i.e.*, £200, less £160. His extra tax, therefore, may be put thus:

	£1	3	4	for tea, beer, etc.,
and 4 × 40d. = 160d. =		13	4	income tax.
Total	£1	16	8	

For incomes between £200 and £400 income-tax mounts up rapidly, but there will be little change in the consumption of tea, beer, etc.—just a slight gradual increase—whilst the greater luxuries of life, which a bigger income can now begin to afford, are not further taxed. In one way, therefore, the richer man scores—he can still buy his luxuries at the same price.

But the income-tax is a terrible thorn in his side. The table below shows how rapidly it mounts up, and it also shows the total extra taxation according to income:

Income. £	For tea, beer, etc. £ s. d.	For income tax. £ s. d.	Total extra taxation. £ s. d.
0	0 0		0 0
50	9 0	0 0 0	9 0
100	14 0		14 0
160	1 0 0		1 0 0
200	1 3 4	13 4	1 16 8
300	1 6 8	2 6 8	3 13 4
400	1 10 0	4 0 0	5 10 0
500	1 13 4	6 13 4	8 6 8
600	1 16 8	8 16 8	10 13 4
700	2 0 0	10 10 0	12 10 0
800	2 3 4	13 6 8	15 10 0
900	2 6 8	15 0 0	17 6 8
1000	2 10 0	16 13 4	19 3 4
1100	2 13 4	18 6 8	21 0 0
1200	2 16 8	20 0 0	22 16 8
1500	3 0 0	25 0 0	28 0 0
3000	5 0 0	50 0 0	55 0 0

We can now discover what class of people suffer most in proportion to their incomes.

You can judge by the expressions on these men's faces how the income-tax affects them. You will see that the man with £700 a year is the greatest sufferer.

Comparing the various incomes in the table with the corresponding additional yearly expenditure in taxes, we find that the new burden of taxation bears with increasing weight as a man's income increases from nothing a year to £50 a year; then, in proportion to income, it gradually grows less till the £160 a year limit. After this, the poor taxpayer begins to feel the income-tax, and his burden rapidly grows larger—not only in actual cash, but also in proportion to his income—till when he is earning £400 a year, his new taxes amount to more than 1½ per cent. of his total income. At £400 there is a sudden jump to correspond with the extra £60 upon which he has to pay income-tax. (It will be remembered that, for the calculation of income-tax, when a man's income rises to £400, only £100 is deducted, not £160.)

There is still another jump at £500 (when the deduction is only £70, instead of £100), and then a a steady rise to £700, and again another, and final jump corresponding to the disappearance of the final £70 relief from income-tax.

The man with £700 represents the high water-mark of the new taxation. He has to pay nearly 2 per cent. of his income in extra taxes owing to the war; and he is the man who is really and truly to be commiserated with.

For the richer men, the burden grows gradually lighter and lighter in proportion to the increase of income; £1,000 a year is reached, then £3,000, then £5,000, and still there is less to be paid in proportion. The line will still run down, hardly perceptibly now, but, however big the income, even if it runs into millions, the new taxes will pan out at at least 1¼ per cent. of the total, for this is the percentage for which the rise in income-tax alone is responsible.

Tender Recollections.

THE balloon was tugging at its rope and bouncing about clumsily in the puffs of wind. A widow stood regarding it with streaming eyes. She was alone, but a crowd gathered about her, attracted by her untimely tears. She sobbed for ten minutes, while the crowd restrained themselves, but at last an old gentleman, whose long white hair and saintly face declared his belief that he was privileged to thrust himself into anybody's business, stepped forward and said:

"Madam, why do you weep? Why these tears?"

The woman snuffled loudly and then replied:

"It's the balloon."

"But," queried the old gentleman, "why does the spectacle of a balloon cause you to weep? Did a loved son once perish as an aeronaut?"

"No," replied the weeper, "it wasn't a son—it was my husband."

"Ah, your husband was killed while ballooning?"

"No, he wasn't; my husband died in his bed, but he weighed twenty-one stone, and that jumping balloon reminds me of just how Henry looked the last time I saw him dancing. His figure was just like that!" And the widow again burst into tears.

BLINKS: "I hear the cabmen are going to strike for shorter hours."

Minks (who sometimes rides): "Why, goodness me! their hours are not over forty minutes long now!"

"YOU'RE the sleepiest-looking individual I ever saw," said Dick to the seedy man at the corner.

"Yes, even my coat hasn't had a nap for some time," quoth he.

OLIVER: "Men are more valuable than women."

Olivet: "What nonsense!"

Oliver: "It's a fact. Every man has his price, but brides are given away."

He Came at Last.

"JOHN," exclaimed the nervous woman, "there's a burglar in the house; I'm sure of it."

John rubbed his eyes, and protested mildly that it was imagination.

"No it isn't; I heard a man downstairs."

So John took a box of matches and went down. To his surprise his wife's suspicions were correct. Seeing that he was unarmed, the burglar covered him with a revolver and became quite sociable.

"Isn't it rather late to be out of bed?" he remarked.

"A-er-a little bit," replied John.

"You're too late, anyhow, because I've dropped everything out of the window, and my pals have carried it off."

"Oh, that's all right. I'd like to ask one favour of you, though."

"What is it?"

"Stay here till my wife can come down and see you. She's been looking for you every night for the past twelve years, and I don't want her to be disappointed any longer."

"KNOW thyself!" is an injunction everyone should follow. Another one, no less important, is—"Don't give thyself away!"

SERVANT (to his master, a very young doctor, who is at a banquet): "Come home quickly, sir. There's a patient waiting for you. (Aside). I've locked the door on him so that he can't escape."

OLD LADY (to cabman): "How much do you say your fare is?"

"Three-and-sixpence, mum."

"What's your number?"

"Eighteenpence, you mean, stingy old fraud!"

A Bad Break.

"WELL, they all break," said the bride of a few weeks, "and I don't know what you are going to do about it."

"But why don't you get a better brand?" said the young husband, not any too sweetly. "It seems strange, Marian, that every time I sit down to read, the lamp chimney breaks into a thousand pieces."

Next night he came home with a small package under his arm.

"Marian," said he, with a tone of superiority, "I have bought a chimney that will last."

"How much did you pay for it, dear?"

"Sixpence. I don't want any more of your twopenny things in the house. You see you women haven't a right understanding of the word economy. You think just because you get things cheap that you are saving money—whereas—" and he continued the effusion all the time he was putting the chimney in place.

"There!" said he, turning up the light. "There is a chim—bother the—!—!! well, I wish all the glass blowers and grocers were tied up and hung over a clothes line to fight it out. You can bet I'd be there to coach the winners."

The mother of the gallant defender of Mafeking keeps bees in her London drawing-room. A full description of this quaint hobby with special photos, is published in the new ROYAL now ready.

WHAT "A1 at Lloyds" MEANS

ALL ABOUT THE GREAT INSTITUTION WHICH INSURES AGAINST EVERYTHING—FROM THE LOSS OF ATLANTIC LINERS TO THE BIRTH OF TRIPLETS.

VERY few people seem to know what the expression is derived from. Many know that it is a shipping term, and have a vague idea that Lloyd's is a sort of an insurance office for shipping. Few know what Lloyd's really is—what a gigantic influence it yields. Let us try to switch a little light on the subject.

To begin with, Lloyd's is the headquarters of all engaged in marine insurance and business associated with similar shipping matters. It is the London Society of Underwriters. The ramifications of this powerful association extend all over the world, and the origin of its name is very interesting.

Of all forms of insurance, that of assuring against the perils of the sea is the oldest; indeed, the other forms, such as fire and life assurance, are of merely modern introduction compared to it. How long marine insurance has been practised in England, it is impossible to state; but we get the word "assurance" (now generally written "insurance") and certain other connected terms, from the Lombards, who came over to this country in the thirteenth century.

Its antiquity is shown by the preamble to the oldest Act of Parliament we have relating to insurance. This Act was passed in 1601, in the days of good Queen Bess, and is entitled "An Acte concerninge matters of Assurances amongste Merchantes." There it states that marine insurance had "bene tyme out of mynde an usage amongste merchantes, both of this realme and

OF FORRAINE NACYONS."

In those early days the insurance brokers had no place of meeting, and so matters existed till the end of the seventeenth century—when coffee was introduced. In a short time coffee-houses sprang up all over London, and it so happened that people who had similar interests or tastes frequented the same house which soon became a sort of club or headquarters.

The coffee-houses in the City were something corresponding to the A.B.C. shops of to-day, where merchants, brokers, and other business men were brought into contact during moments of relaxation. Naturally, a certain amount of business was done by the frequenters, and gradually the coffee-houses became the recognised meeting-places of various classes of business men.

Amongst these resorts was one in Tower Street, kept by a very enterprising and wide-awake man called Edward Lloyd. This establishment was much favoured by certain influential persons connected with shipping, with the result that Lloyd's coffee-house became the headquarters of those engaged in marine insurance.

Mr. Lloyd did his best to please his customers and aid them in their business, and in 1692 he removed his house to the corner of Lombard Street and Abchurch Lane. With venturous energy he went so far as to produce, in 1696, a news sheet called LLOYD'S NEWS, which contained all sorts of news and information calculated to be of

INTEREST TO HIS CUSTOMERS.

This paper was published three times a week. Unfortunately for himself, Mr. Lloyd was a little too enterprising, as in the seventy-seventh number he was so imprudent as to insert a paragraph concerning proceedings in the House of Lords. The result was that he had to appear before the Bar of the House; he stopped the print, substituting handwriting for letter-press until 1721 when LLOYD'S NEWS made way for LLOYD'S LIST which has appeared uninterruptedly from that time to the present day.

The amount of business done at Mr. Lloyd's increased by bounds, as the gambling element was soon brought into prominence. Indeed, this gambling soon usurped and overshadowed the legitimate business, until it assumed such dimensions as to necessitate the interference of the Legislature, with the result that wager policies were suppressed.

Next the brokers and underwriters engaged in legitimate business formed themselves into an Association in 1770 for purposes of self-protection. They adopted stringent rules, and in 1773 removed their headquarters to their present location in the Royal Exchange, while still retaining the name "Lloyd's."

About a century after, this great institution was incorporated under the title of "The Corporation of Lloyd's." So much for the origin of the name.

The reputation of Lloyd's for business solidity and integrity is unique, and it is perhaps the most perfectly organised body in the world. It has 1,500 agents, spread over the seaports of the globe, who are in constant communication with it, and its forms and rules are universally accepted as the standard.

The amount of detail connected with Lloyds' is bewildering, and the number of telegrams received at the Royal Exchange in the twenty-four hours (the staff working day and night) is amazing.

"Lloyd's Register" is a prodigious work, containing particulars of every ship in the United Kingdom, while its "Captains' Register" consists of a biographical dictionary of all the 24,000 certificated commanders of the British mercantile marine.

When insurance is effected at Lloyd's, the procedure is different from that of an ordinary insurance company. In the latter case the insurance company takes the whole risk; Lloyd's, however, does not insure as a body, the business is done by individual members. These members split up the risk; each takes a small portion only, and so insuring stability by the extension and consequent curtailment of the risk. Thus in the case of an insurance value £700, perhaps ten members will each take a risk of £70 each. The names of these members are indorsed on the policy, together with the amount of risk undertaken. These signatures are written on the policy one under the other—hence the term "underwriter."

In a Lloyd's policy for £100,000 now before us, there is a long column of sixty-nine names underwritten—the amount of risk taken by each individual varying from £2,000 to £500. In case all the ships had been wrecked, and the cargoes become total losses, no single individual would have had to pay more than the value underwritten by him. Probably some of these members again underwrote their shares with other members, until the risk had become very

SMALL AND WIDELY DIFFUSED.

The members of Lloyd's do not restrict their business to shipping only, indeed, they will underwrite almost any risk. They will insure you against having triplets, or other maladies. Nothing comes amiss to Lloyd's; the mere enumeration of the most curious risks would be a wearying task.

The underwriters at Lloyd's form a peerless corporation, their combined capital is enormous, amounting to hundreds of millions. Throughout the world Lloyd's is respected and honoured for its exceptionally straightforward dealing; it boasts of never having refused to pay a genuine claim, even when not legally responsible.

Cases are known where the underwriters have generously paid large sums on policies which through oversight did not even exist.

Having got to know what Lloyd's means we have now to find out the meaning of the prefixed "A1."

In classifying and registering ships, Lloyd's uses various marks or signs; thus, ships in the first class are denoted by the distinctive mark A1, the first letter referring to the quality of the ship, and the first numeral to that of the equipment. Wooden ships are classed A1 when they are sound and well-fitted, and they are subject to certain annual surveys; so only the best vessels are classed A1, and they only retain this so long as they are in a fit and

EFFICIENT CONDITION.

The figure 1 denotes that the vessel is well found with stores. There are numerous other signs; thus, vessels subject to an annual survey and to half-time survey are classed A1 in red; vessels fit to carry perishable cargoes on short voyages are classed Æ, and those fit only for the conveyance of cargo not subject to sea-damage are classed E.

Iron ships are classed A1 with a numeral prefixed as: 100A1, 95A1, 90A1, and also *AA1, AA1, AB1, and AC1, the asterisk before the letter signifies that the vessel is built of heavier plating than the rules require, and a Maltese cross signifies that the vessel was built under special survey. Lloyd's has also abbreviations for the wood of which ships are built, such as: A, ash; B B, black birch; Bh, Beech; C, cedar; Chs, chestnut; E, elm, and so forth.

If an antonym to "A1 at Lloyd's" is required—"a—at Lloyd's" will be the correct term; this latter is used by the great underwriting association to denote that a vessel is not in good order. Therefore "a—at Lloyd's" is scarcely desired by the owner of any vessel.

"GOODNESS, Tom! Did you notice what a freezing look that girl gave you when she tumbled into your lap?"

"Freezing? I should say so. She was a Laplander in more ways than one."

MRS. HICKS: "Why, Mrs. Dix, how pale you look!"

Mrs. Dix: "Yes, I've been having lots of trouble lately with a sore thumb."

Mrs. Hicks: "I'm so sorry! Was it on your right or left hand?"

Mrs. Dix: "Neither. It was on my husband's."

QUINN: "That mining stock company is on its last legs."

DeFonte: "Yes, but they are bluffing strongly to the last."

Quinn: "Is that so?"

De Fonte: "Yes, they pay a boy to sit behind a screen, ring a bicycle bell and yell 'Hello!' Customers naturally think they are doing a lot of business."

PRACTICAL JOKES ON FOOTBALL TEAMS.

MEETING A DEFEATED TEAM ON THEIR RETURN WITH HEARSE AND CARRIAGES.

FOOTBALL clubs, like all other similar institutions, have to submit to a great deal of sarcasm and good-humoured chaff, especially in cases in which two or more popular teams hail from the same locality.

There are scores of cases on record in which jokes of a more or less practical nature have been played upon well-known clubs by rival teams; but for thoroughness in detail and for extremes in carrying the joke to the utmost limit, one has to turn to the footballers of the country.

When local rivalry is keen between clubs it is not unfrequently the case that local enterprise steps into the breach, and money is scooped in by carrying out a practical joke on business lines. Many instances could be given of this, but we will take by way of example a case which concerns the reputation of a well-known West of England Rugby club.

Rugby football has always been enthusiastically followed in Plymouth and the surrounding district. In 1898, the brilliant reputation of a local team—Devonport Albion—seemed to be on the wane, and the opportunity for playful chaff was not lost by an enterprising individual, who made quite a nice little sum of money out of the venture. The Albion team had suffered defeat from a Leicester club, and it was expected that they would "go under," as the saying goes, in their fixture with the Barnstaple team. Consequently neatly got-up memorial cards were printed, and met with a ready sale in the whole of the county. On the outside of the card the words "In Loving Memory" were printed, and the inside contained the following:

> IN LOVING MEMORY
> of the
> DEVONPORT (DEVON) ALBION F.C.,
> who caught a severe chill at Leicester, September 24th, 1898,
> AND PASSED AWAY PEACEFULLY
> at the Rectory Grounds, October 15th, 1898.
> Funeral will take place at Barnstaple on Saturday next, October 22nd.
>
> Pall Bearers, R. N. E. Students.

As might have been expected, no time was lost in replying to this playful dig, and the opportunity came when the Albion and Barnstaple teams met, and instead of suffering defeat the Albion fifteen were victorious.

The memorial card was replied to by the circulation of a leaflet entitled "Dignity and Impudence—A Reply to The 'Only' Football Team." It contained a couple of jubilant songs which particularly appealed to those who followed the teams, as indirect "hits" were made at prominent members, and the following appeared in a deep mourning border:

EXTRACT FROM
THE "LEAP-BEFORE-YOU-LOOK" WEEKLY TIMES.
CURIOUS MISTAKE—A DEAD MAN LIVING.

"With reference to the well-known gentleman, Mr. D. Albion, whose death and subsequent burial at Barnstaple was prominently recorded in our columns last week, we were surprised to receive one day this week a letter from that gentleman himself, written from Rectory Field, saying he was alive and well. The receipt of this surprising communication was closely followed by the appearance in our office of the supposed dead man himself, looking as well and strong as ever. He explained to our affrighted editor that his announced death was simply a trance, from which he recovered in time to prevent being buried alive. Mr. Albion had a similar experience many years ago. We regret that such a mistake should have crept into our columns, as the news caused such a profound sensation at the time. We placed the fullest confidence in our outside correspondent who supplied the news, but in future must refuse to 'barter' with any but our own staff for news of importance."

As we have already stated, this is but one of many practical jokes which have been carried out on somewhat similar lines elsewhere.

Not so very long ago a football team suffered defeat from the hands of a neighbouring town, and upon their return home were somewhat perplexed to find a hearse and two or three mourning carriages drawn up outside the station, waiting for the arrival of the "deceased club." The joke was taken in good part, grim as it was, and the *cortège* departed without anything unseemly happening. The club in question, however, soon proved that they were very much alive, scoring victory after victory after having to submit to the rude rebuff.

It is pleasant to know that practical jokes are rarely aggravatingly frequent with any club. When the reputations of clubs demand, it is by no means a rare thing in the provinces for football clubs to be met upon their return, after winning a match, by a brass band and thousands of enthusiasts, and for the members to be "shouldered" through the main streets to the accompaniment of the evergreen song, "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

A complete exposure of company frauds is now being made in THE SUNDAY READER Price one penny, every Wednesday.

THE INVADERS.

A STORY OF BRITAIN'S PERIL.

By LOUIS TRACY, Author of "The Final War," etc. Illustrated by H. PIFFARD.

SUMMARY.

The story opens with a farewell scene between Captain Robert Hamilton and Major Forster at Euston Station, the latter journeying to Liverpool, where he is to embark on the transport "Servia" en route for the war in South Africa.

Euston Station is crowded with men bound for Liverpool, most of whom look like Germans.

Arriving at Liverpool, Major Forster finds everybody in a state of terror and confusion, and learns that the city has fallen into the hands of an unknown enemy, and that the transport "Servia" has been captured.

Tom Pratt, a boy employed at the Adelphi Hotel, now arrives on the scene and narrates his experiences to Major Forster, who accepts the youth's offer of his services to assist him in communicating the news of the seizure of Liverpool to the War Office.

After many exciting adventures a telegraphic despatch is sent by way of Holyhead and Dublin, and Cork and Bristol, the wires on the direct route having been cut by the enemy.

London is startled by the announcement that the French and German Ambassadors have demanded, and received, their passports.

The enemy infest Birmingham, and seize the Central Post Office and the small arms and ammunition factories.

The British fleet, being at Malta and other foreign stations, is not available for defence. The Royal Marines, with the Militia and Volunteers, are called up to save the country.

It is decided to attack the enemy's ships at Goole and Liverpool, and land forces to re-occupy and protect these towns.

A naval fight takes place off Hull between six German cruisers with transports and the British cruiser "Galatea," helped by the torpedo boat "Alarm." Great destruction is wrought among the enemy's fleet. The "Alarm" gets away, and communicates with the Training Squadron lying off Sheerness. The Training Squadron at once starts for the Humber, and on encountering the enemy inflicts a crushing defeat.

In the meantime the land forces of the enemy march on Burton-on-Trent, but are driven back by the local volunteer corps, fifteen prisoners being captured.

The Duke of Connaught cables from Ireland that he wishes to command—or at least accompany—the expeditionary forces, and this request is acceded to. After some demur on the part of the Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York are appointed to the staff of the Southern Field Force.

Northampton is temporarily chosen as divisional headquarters, and a Western Field Force is ordered to mobilise at Worcester.

Warships are despatched from the Solent to intercept the hostile cruisers which had occupied the Mersey, and a second flotilla leaves Portsmouth for Queenstown and Dublin for the purpose of bringing troops over to England.

More than one hundred thousand people leave Birmingham, owing to the occupation of that town by the enemy, for other Midland towns, and the chapter ends with the thrilling story of how a butcher at Kenilworth vanquished fourteen of the enemy.

CHAPTER IX.

IN MID-ATLANTIC.

THE White Star steamer *Teutonic*, a colossus of 10,000 tons, twenty knots speed, and commanded by Captain Edward R. McKinstry, R.N.R., left New York on Wednesday morning, March 7th, amidst some public excitement, which was industriously fanned by the New York press.

Nevertheless the great steamer, crammed with saloon passengers, for the yearly summer emigration from the United States was just commencing, quitted her berth and swung out into the Hudson precisely at noon.

By Greenwich time this was considerably past 5 p.m. and already the cable had led our cousins to believe that Great Britain was perforce embarked upon a new and uncommonly arduous campaign. Very few of the passengers relinquished their accommodation, and in these cases, there were twenty applications for each vacant berth, so many people were desirous, from one cause or another, to cross the Atlantic.

The New York agents of the White Star Line, amazed by the reports they read but hardly credited, concerning the attack on Liverpool, instructed Captain McKinstry to shape his further movements by what he learnt at Queenstown, and also thought it their duty to cable to the British Admiralty, informing them of the departure of the liner, and requesting protection for her.

This cablegram, owing to a press of work, was not received at the Admiralty until Thursday morning, and, with all the good will in the world, it was not possible for the H.M.S. *Australia*, first class cruiser and erstwhile guardship at Devonport, to start on a general mission of offence and defence in Mid-Atlantic before Thursday night.

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Captain Charles H. Adair and Commander Montague G Cartwright had a short but very earnest conversation in the captain's cabin whilst the *Australia's* people were loading stores, fuel and ammunition on board, with the result that Commander Cartwright soon afterwards left for shore and went straight to the Admiral.

Some forcible representations, some even more forcible pooh-poohing, and a compromise, eventuated in a supernumerary navigation lieutenant and some sixty extra warrant officers and men being added to the ship's company.

It will be noted that in war time there are prizes to be picked up at sea, and Captain Adair was a remarkably far-sighted officer. He did not want to be left short-handed if, by mere chance, of course, he happened to fall in with a French tramp, or even a liner.

Across the Atlantic there are two well-defined routes for mail steamers, the north and south, or winter and summer respectively. These, again, are divided into an eastern and western course, each fifty miles apart, in order to minimise the risk of collision, as by following these rules of the road, vessels nearing each other must necessarily be going the same way.

After passing the Lizard the *Australia* made for the homeward course, thus hoping to intercept a good many ships and warn them, if British or neutral, of the outbreak of hostilities.

During the whole of Saturday the warship only passed two vessels, British tramps both, one bound for Liverpool and the other for Newcastle. They were advised to make for Cardiff or Plymouth and await orders.

"What ship is that?" shouted the captain when close enough to be heard.

On Saturday night a big homeward-bound steamer was sighted some miles to the southward. It was decided to have a nearer look at her, and Chief Engineer Mark Blakeman added to the natural heat of the engine-room by his remarks during the next three hours, for the owner of the distant masthead and port-lights did not appear anxious to undergo investigation.

She was still two miles distant when a quarter master pronounced her to be a French mail-boat, one of the Compagnie Transatlantique liners.

Captain Adair ordered a gun to be loaded with a blank cartridge, and when, on nearer inspection, the quartermaster's opinion was generally endorsed, the deep boom of the cannon sent an imperative summons across the long Atlantic furrows that the stranger should halt.

The order was obeyed, and the two ships quietly neared each other, the *Australia* coming up astern to avoid accidents.

"What ship is that?" shouted the captain, when close enough to be heard.

"*La Gascogne*, de la Compagnie Transatlantique, vaisseau français," was the answer.

There was a trembling eagerness among the junior officers to hear "Robin" air his French, but they were disappointed.

"This is Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Australia*," yelled the captain. "You are a prisoner of war, and I am sending a boat's crew to take possession of you. If you resist, I will sink you."

"Vat is zat?" came the high-pitched query, in accents of unmistakable astonishment.

Captain Adair squirmed as he realised how many ears were listening intently, but he fortunately remembered that a similar set of phrases once figured in a French exercise during his juvenile struggles with the polite tongue whilst on board the *Britannia*, so he rattled off the French equivalent in a manner which created a profound sensation on both ships, though for very different reasons.

"Just listen to the old man spitting it out, Jim," said one middy to another in the fore-top. "It's as good as a play."

But the Frenchman roared huskily:

"*Qu'est-ce que vous avez dit? Je ne le comprends pas.*"

"Did you catch that, Thompson?" said the captain to the navigating lieutenant.

"Not quite, sir, but I think he said he didn't fully understand."

"Oh, he means he doesn't know what has happened. Lower away, there."

And the rattle of the blocks as a boat rapidly reached water level prevented any further conversation.

The Frenchman readily lowered a ship's ladder, and Lieutenant Turton, not having the terror of being overheard, soon explained his mission.

Protests or resistance being equally futile, the *Gascogne* was ordered to steam in company with the *Australia* until next morning, when Captain Adair would decide as to her future. Meanwhile, thirty well-armed sailors formed an ample guard for her passengers and crew.

Lieutenant Turton, relieved by Lieutenant Charles P. Pickering, R.N.R. who was on board the *Australia* for training, whispered something gleefully to the captain when he returned.

The latter did not reprove him for his levity but said:

"How much! Thirty thousand!"

"Yes, sir. All in gold. Drafts for the Bank of France, and receipts given by the bank's agent in New York."

"Ah, I think I'll change my mind."

Another boat was lowered, and Mr. Pickering was instructed to take the *Gascogne*, with all possible speed, to Plymouth, heading first direct for the Lizard and thence following the coast line.

On Sunday nothing happened.

On Monday morning, the weather being fine though hazy, a big vessel was dimly sighted on the bow port. Lieutenant Alfred P. Savill was in charge of the bridge, and he soon made out another smaller ship behind the big one, whilst a third, quite indistinct, was in rear of both, as seen, that is, from the *Australia*, which was going at half speed.

He called the captain, who altered the course and jammed the indicator over to "Full speed ahead;" the two officers soon agreed that the leading ship was the *Teutonic*, but without her ensign.

The second vessel, also flying no colours, was a cargo boat. The third could not be accounted for, being almost obscured, not only by the other ships but by reason of a thicker bank of mist in that quarter.

The captain now made up his mind, and, if his suspicions were justified he had not a moment to lose.

"Orderly," he said, in the tone of voice a man might use who wanted a match, or a newspaper. "Send a bugler here at once."

The bugler appeared.

"Sound 'Action,'" said the captain.

Ta-raah—the prolonged cry of the call rang through the decks, and in an instant it looked as though every officer and man in the cruiser had gone stark, staring mad.

Men on watch, men engaged in the ordinary fatigue duties of the ship, men who were sleeping, reading, writing, smoking—all sprang into a fierce activity that to a landsman would have savoured of lunacy, but to the sailor's eye bespoke months and years of ceaseless training, of the joint outcome of many separate intelligences, of system, discipline, and splendid *esprit de corps*.

Commander Cartwright took charge of the upper deck, and the boat-riggers tore at chains, ropes, boats, spars—every possible or impossible article that came within the purview of "hamper"—and twisted or coiled or bodily removed the eyesore out of the way of the ship's fire or the enemy's shells.

Gun crews ran to the casemates of their guns, the narrow scene of their life's work and its consummation, for behind that closed door the British sailor fights his gun or dies by its side, whilst he sleeps there, eats there, and makes it his home in peace or war. That small compartment is the be-all and end-all of his existence.

The sentry on duty at the door of the captain's cabin snatched a bunch of keys from a small locker bearing the words, in white letters, "Magazines closed." As the result of his action a tiny trap door dropped and a new legend in flaming red appeared, "Magazines open."

The so-called "idlers" of a ship's company—the servants, stewards, bandsmen, and such—rushed to their important task of drawing ammunition for the 3-pounders and 6-pounders, and passing it up the hollow masts to the fighting tops, whilst the midshipmen and sailors whose business it was to occupy those prominent positions, swarmed up the "Jacob's Ladders" of ropes and wooden rungs to gain their stations.

Gunners opened the fore and aft main magazines—those away down below armoured deck and water-line, whence the lifts and little lines of rails circulated through the ship with elf-like zeal, the monster-shells and powder bags for the big guns, and the ugly looking missiles with the brass powder cases of the 6-inch quick-firers.

The surgeon was busily engaged in unpacking a case of murderous-looking implements.

The gunnery officer, Lieut. James T. Bush, seemed to be all over the ship at once, so far as barbettes, casemates and gun-decks were concerned.

The navigation officer, Lieutenant Thompson, quietly took his place in the conning-tower. He and the quarter-master, calmly twisting the wheel there, were the only apparently unoccupied men on the ship, save the captain, who stood still.

In the casemates the toil was herculean. Guns' crews cast their beloved monsters loose from the securing chains. All furniture, tables, and benches, were either shot into the inner darkness or overboard. Little heed was paid to choice in this matter, for fire and splinters must be prevented at all costs.

The third struck the forward starboard 6in. gun, and killed three members of the gun crew.

The gunnery lieutenant gave the order, "Load with armour-piercing shell," so shrapnel and common shell were laid aside, for use at the proper moment, and the heavy steel cylinders were lifted carefully into the breech, the powder cases shoved home—though the gun captain first squinted through the gun to see that all was clear within, and that no jumper or cap had been carelessly stuffed into this convenient receptacle—and the breech mechanisms were closed, thus automatically completing the electric circuits for firing.

An armourers' party brought great bundles of sea-service cutlasses and laid them amidships on the battery deck, whilst the men individually secured their Lee-Metfords and cartridge pouches.

All water-tight bulkhead doors were closed, fires extinguished, sand taken from a water-tank and sprinkled on the decks, boots discarded by all save officers and marines, and hammocks wetted and stowed in places where there was the least possibility of fire breaking out.

In the officers' ward-room the surgeon was busily engaged in unpacking a case of murderous-looking implements, sniffing at stoppered bottles, and placing ready to hand all the wonderful but terrible appliances of the ghastly business he might soon be called upon to undertake. The hospital assistants, too, were toiling like good demons to get into order and methodical sequence their stretchers, lint, bandages, and splints.

Away down in the bowels of the ship firemen and engineers were shovelling, and oiling, and feeling bearings, with a coolness and precision that did not vary one jot because of the frightful bustle up above.

At last all was in order. Every man was at his station. The tumult subsided as suddenly as it commenced.

The gunnery lieutenant walked forward to the conning-tower, saluted, and said:

"Guns are loaded, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Bush," replied the captain, never taking his glasses from the suspected and most remote ship, now not more than 8,000 yards distant.

H.M.S. *Australia* was ready for action.

In two and a half minutes from the bugle-call, all these gigantic operations, and countless others that would require a good-sized pamphlet to describe in detail, were carried out. That is the way they have in the Navy.

Already there was an unreported casualty list. Petty officers and men had fingers jammed, foreheads cut open, and shins badly barked as they raced to their work, for no man walks at this supreme moment on board a man-of-war, but moves as if his life depended on it.

That is why sailors prefer to be barefooted, and the most frequent oath at such a crisis is the imprecation hurled at a marine who has hurt somebody's toes with his boots: "Dash you, Joe; why don't you take your spurs off?"

Joe would like to follow Jack's example, but it is forbidden.

In the forward casemate on the port side a too eager sailor, in lifting a solid shell, happened to drop the protecting cap of wood, and the point of the heavy mass of metal struck against a projecting iron rod. The slight blow, which would not damage a lady's fan, broke a huge piece off the nose of the projectile. It is so brittle—chilled to such a degree of hardness—that although it will pierce ten inches of armour belting when it strikes fair and is travelling at high velocity, it can be damaged by a single tap from a stick if struck sideways.

The sailor was plentifully anathematised for his awkwardness, and told to suck the butter off his fingers.

But the incident was quickly forgotten in the news that now travelled with mysterious rapidity through every part of the *Australia*.

The third vessel had been identified as the French armed cruiser, the *Dupuy de Lôme*, one of the crack ships of the French navy, and, in obedience to her signals, the *Teutonic* and *Claymore*, a Whitby cargo-boat, both prisoners of war, wheeled round to the south, the warship steaming forward to meet the *Australia*.

As the antagonists near each other over the ponderous roll of the Atlantic waves—like to those of no other seas in the world, owing to their volume, and conveying the impression of untrammelled freedom—let us take a look at them.

H.M.S. *Australia* is 5,600 tons register, with engines driven by 8,500 horse-power under forced draught. She was built at Glasgow in 1888, at a cost of £259,390, and is armour-plated, 10 inches composite on the sides and 4½ inches over gun positions. She carries two 9·2-inch 22-ton guns fore and aft, mounted in barbettes, ten 6-inch quick-firers on the gun deck, six 6-pounders, ten 3-pounders and smaller guns. Her ship's company usually numbers 484 officers and men, but with thirty added, they now totalled up to 514.

The *Dupuy de Lôme* is 6,406 tons register, 14,000 horse-power, and built at Brest in 1890, at a cost of £416,000. She has an armour belt of 4 inches, and her gun positions are similarly protected. She carries two 7·6-inch guns, six 6·4-inch quick-firing guns, twelve 2·5-inch guns, and the usual complement of smaller weapons. Her officers and crew now numbered about 490, prize crews of twenty men each having been placed on the *Teutonic* and *Claymore*.

Two vessels more different in type, considering that they are both first class armed cruisers, could hardly be found.

The *Australia* is a handsome ship with a sea-going swagger about her, her masts and funnels having the orthodox rake, and even her fighting tops not being obtrusive. She has a good free-board.

The *Dupuy de Lôme* is an ugly, squat monster, with low free-board. Two rigid structures, nick-named "pigeon-houses" by the British tar, support her cumbrous and double fighting-tops. Both funnels and "pigeon-houses" are bolt upright.

Nevertheless she is exceedingly powerful, and speedy withal, being classed as about a knot and a half faster than the *Australia*.

The armaments of the two vessels differ as greatly as their appearance.

That of the *Australia* is the heavier, but mounted in port and starboard batteries, excepting the fore and aft 9-inch guns, whilst the *Dupuy de Lôme* is able to concentrate the fire of two 7-inch and three 6-inch guns right ahead or astern, as the case may be.

Against these the *Australia* in the same position could only oppose one 9-inch and two 6-inch guns.

Captain Adair found time to hastily run to his cabin and glance at these details concerning his opponent in that admirable work of reference, Brassey's "Naval Annual," before he took his place in the conning-tower.

The problem he had to solve was to avoid, as much as possible, the awful weight of metal the Frenchman could bring to bear whilst displaying the smallest possible target.

The difficulty was enhanced by the fact that the *Australia*, though she could master the *Dupuy de Lôme* on the port or starboard—for she then mustered two 9-inch guns and five 6-inch quick-firers—at the same time presented the largest and most vulnerable target.

"All right, my man," said the commander, "I'll give you a dose or two of 10s when the job's in hand."

The sea was running a-beam for both ships.

It was out of the question, owing to the position of the *Dupuy de Lôme's* batteries, and her superior speed, for the British cruiser to manœuvre for a better tactical position, so Captain Adair hardened his heart and trusted to the superior armour of his ship and his greater gun-power.

He was, naturally, the only man on board the *Australia* who troubled one jot about the *Dupuy de Lôme's* structure, or speed, or fighting capacities.

Everybody else was in a state of supreme and expectant elation. Even the chaplain wondered what the poor Frenchmen would do, as they had no one to pray for them, and they needed it badly.

At 6,000 yards the captain spoke through the forward barbette tube: "All ready there."

"Yes, sir," came the muffled answer.

"I will port the helm after you fire your second shot. Aim at the citadel until the enemy is broadside on. Commence firing!"

No need for Gunner James T. Marshall to twist crank or lever. Already the gun was in position. The ship was almost steady, owing to the cross set of the sea.

He waited an instant, as she slightly rose, until the ball of the trunnion sight and the wire of the tangent sight were in a dead line with a point about a couple of feet clear of the forward rail of the *Dupuy de Lôme*, and then pressed the firing-tube.

The effect of that shot was afterwards learnt. It struck the citadel between two of the three forward turrets in which the French quick-firers were mounted, wrecked a portion of the base of the conning-tower, utterly dismantled the chart-house, and put out of order the main electric circuit on the port side.

Smashing through the external armour with this terrific result, it shivered into atoms against a steel bulkhead on the gun-deck, and killed or wounded several men.

The French captain, catching sight of the premonitory puff of smoke from the *Australia*, ordered all his forward guns to fire.

The instant before he was obeyed the British shell struck, and shook the great ship as though she had received a tremendous punch from some marine monster of her own size and weight.

As a consequence, her two big guns missed, but the three quick-firers got home. Luckily two of them hit the armour belt at a tangent, and did no damage.

The third struck the casemate of the forward starboard 6-inch gun, and killed three members of the gun crew. The remaining five men lifted their fallen comrades out of the way, and went coolly on with their work, for Captain Adair had brought the two available quick-firers into play.

Again the *Australia's* big gun forward thundered forth its message of death, but the projectile struck a turret and glanced into the sea, not without jamming the turret, however.

Over went the helm, and the *Australia* swung round buoyantly to starboard.

"*Tonnerre!*" screamed the French captain, delightedly "*Nom de Dieu, que c'est magnifique!*"

Here was the English ship actually swinging into the best position to let him pound her to his heart's delight.

Yet it was not quite so magnificent as it appeared.

So speedily had the distance between the two fast cruisers decreased since the action opened that they were now barely 4,000 yards apart.

"Our speed eighteen knots; enemy stationary," ran the instruction along the port battery of the *Australia*, and the captains of guns set the gauges accordingly, for though the *Dupuy de Lôme* was coming end on at twenty knots she was stationary for gunnery practice.

"Load with common shell," came the order to the quick-firers' case-mates, and the dust up on board the French ship soon showed the wisdom of the change.

The British quick-firers are supposed to deliver six aimed shots each minute, but a smart captain of a gun has been known to get three shells in the air at one time—that is to say, the second and third are discharged before the first strikes the target.

In this phase of the battle was settled for ever the question whether the *Dupuy de Lôme* is or is not the right type of warship.

Half of her guns were useless, and under the murderous rain of steel and lead from the *Australia* the crews of her engaged batteries soon became flurried and their firing erratic.

Her commander was naturally reluctant to change his course in order to bring into play his remaining and fresh battery, but the absolute necessity of doing so at last compelled him to bring the ship round.

Captain Adair was watching for this with feverish expectancy. The moment his keen eye caught the movement he ordered all big guns to load with armour-piercing shell, and the *Dupuy de Lôme* got a frightful hammering as she swung broadside on.

Quick as she got her after battery to bear the *Australia* followed, and at last brought her starboard guns into the game. Their practice at first was a bit wild, as the men were so annoyed because they had as yet not even seen the enemy. But a stern remonstrance from Lieutenant Bush, who ran from casemate to casemate like a madman, soon restored their senses and improved their aim.

Precisely the same manœuvres took place as in the first instance, the only difference being that the *Dupuy de Lome* was now stern on, and the *Australia* fighting her starboard battery, the two 22-ton guns, owing to their being mounted in barbettes, taking a part in the proceedings on either course.

By the time each vessel had passed the other a second time—speaking relatively, broadside on—they were both in a terrible state of *déshabille*.

Their fighting decks, case-mates, and tops were perfect shambles, more than a third of the officers and men on each side being killed or wounded. The percentage of men killed outright was sadly greater, owing to the nature of the missiles and the confined space in which they were effective, than would have been the case in a combat on land.

The British ship showed her injuries least, owing to her shape, her heavier armour, and her graceful masts.

One of the *Dupuy de Lôme's* fighting towers had been swept clean away, and the other was knocked absurdly askew, but the damages to crews and guns were not far from equal at this period of the contest.

Captain Adair's communications with the gun deck, electric and otherwise, were destroyed by a shell from the Frenchman's 7-inch after gun, so, when the time came to pass the enemy's quarter for the third round, he sent Commander Cartwright to tell the gunners to concentrate their fire on the water-line amidships.

The officer, wounded himself, found but three men out of eight working the first port gun, four the second, two the third, and so on.

Yet in the midst of this ghastly carnage the British tars who survived were cool and ready for a joke.

The door of No. 3 port case-mate jammed, and would not close as Cartwright was passing out.

One of the men, thinking he was gone, said: "Monty will shed his heart's blood over this business."

Montague, be it noted, is the Commander's Christian name.

The French captain rushed out in full view and held up both hands.

"Why," said another. "Is he badly hurt?"

"Only in his feelings. It'll take every pot of paint he has on board to make the old ship tidy, an' I know he lifted

Do you wish to be dignified and graceful? Then read the article on this subject in this week's HOME NOTES.

a lot when the *Cambridge's* stores came alongside by accident."

"All right, my man," said the Commander, putting his head inside again. "I'll give you a dose or two of 10A when the job's in hand."

A loud guffaw from the other members of the gun's crew completed the sailor's discomfiture, for the Commander is the officer responsible for painting the ship, and 10A is a minor form of punishment for petty crime. It consists in the culprit being condemned to stand for a couple of hours looking at the ship's side on the quarter-deck during the dog-watch, and is popularly known among the men as "keeping the flies off the Commander's paint."

In the conning-tower there was no opportunity for the display of nautical humour.

When Commander Cartwright returned he found that Captain Adair had brought the *Australia* much more closely in, and the port battery was now obeying his instructions, at 400 yards range, with deadly effect.

But the Captain was not looking at the fractured ribs of the *Dupuy de Lôme*. His glasses were intently fixed on the churning mass of foam caused by her twin screws.

Suddenly he gave a great shout.

"May I be polarized, Cartwright, if we haven't done it."

"Done what, sir?"

"Smashed up her engines!"

It was true. The *Dupuy de Lôme* lost headway, fell off before the tide, and the *Australia* darted round upon her stricken antagonist like a greyhound on a hare in the last turn.

"Prepare to ram!" shouted the Captain.

A long, single G from the bugle sent every man who could move flat on his face, though they took care to drag any helpless comrades out of the way of the fierce lurch that the guns would give when the crash came.

Then they waited, breathless, for the awful shock which no sailor can know save in fierce earnest. But it never came.

The guns of the *Dupuy de Lôme* ceased firing, and, when the *Australia* was barely a hundred and fifty yards distant, not much more than her own length, the French captain rushed out in full view and held up both hands.

Hard to port went the *Australia's* wheel.

It was a near thing, so near that an athlete could have jumped from her high quarter on to the French cruiser's after deck, and in a few seconds the British ship swept grandly past her conquered adversary.

Captain Adair interpreted the French officer's signal as one of surrender and he was not mistaken. Not another shot came from the *Dupuy de Lôme*, though she gave no sign of capitulation, for her ensign had long since been shot away.

She lay upon the water a battered, inert hulk, her exceeding ugliness being intensified by the great gaps in her sides and the torn and twisted ironwork of her citadel.

With some difficulty, for all the appliances were damaged or destroyed, the *Australia* lowered a boat and Commander Cartwright, wounded though he was, swung himself into it, feeling that surely this was the proudest moment of his life.

He soon returned with the French captain and a junior, both were injured and bleeding, but outwardly calm and excessively polite now that the trying ordeal was over.

The senior Frenchman glanced approvingly round the *Australia*, and even smiled bitterly as he noted the ruin caused by his guns.

He offered his sword, with a low bow, to Captain Adair, who received him in the remains of his cabin, at the door of which a sentry was standing as stiffly as if the Admiral at Devonport had come aboard on a tour of inspection.

The Englishman returned the French officer's sword, shook hands with him, offered him a tumbler of champagne, and said:

"It was a splendid fight. You have no cause to be ashamed, Monsieur."

The Frenchman's face twitched, but he replied: "It vas, vat you call it—a toss-up, eh?"

"Well—" began Adair, wishful to be civil, but badly prepared to admit this, "I can't quite——"

"Oh yes. I know. You tink not. But I tell you. If my engines had not altogether down broke, my ship, my men—*grand Dieu, mes braves*——" Here the poor fellow "down broke" himself, and burst into tears.

"Come, come," said Adair, heartily wishful that this unpleasant incident were ended. "It's the fortune of war, you know. Here, have another drink. The wine of France is as generous as her sons are brave, captain."

As ill-luck would have it his eye at that moment fell upon the little printed slip, in English, on the bottle, bearing the words: "The same as supplied to England."

Even the Frenchman in his own country cannot be certain he is drinking a glass of good champagne unless it displays this hall mark of quality, and the wine had been purchased at Marseilles during a home-coming trip.

Adair gave up the effort at consolation. "I must take possession of your ship, captain," he said. "Do you want any help aboard, in the shape of doctors, you know?"

The Frenchman recovered his *sang-froid*, and said that his surgeon had been killed early in the fight.

But the *Australia's* surgeon and his assistants, alas, could not possibly leave the ward-room for many hours to attend to even the most urgent cases on board the *Dupuy de Lôme*.

In this dilemma the captain bethought himself of the *Teutonic*—a hopeless resource, for that vessel and her small companion, being in the hands of their captors, must be hull down on the horizon by this time. In the *Australia's* crippled state it was out of the question to think of overtaking even the tramp, whilst the *Teutonic* could run away from the British warship at any time.

He, therefore, paid no further heed to them, and went on deck to arrange with the first-lieutenant about a prize crew, when, to his complete bewilderment, he saw the *Teutonic* slowing down about half a mile away.

A boat was even then leaving her side, and it soon brought along the chief officer, the ship's doctor, and three other medical men who happened to be aboard.

"How the deuce did you get here?" said Captain Adair, when the party reached the deck.

"We knocked our gaolers on the head," said the sailor.

"Sir," broke in one of the medicos. "Do you bee-lieve that any twenty French-men ever raised could round up one hundred British sailors and three hundred grown citizens of the U-nited States, if they were not backed by the gi-gantic pirate you've bin Deweyising? No, sirree," and the speaker expectorated violently in indignant protest.

The *Teutonic's* story was soon told. She had been encountered by the *Dupuy de Lôme*, ordered to stop, fired at, and twice hit before Captain McKinstry thought it due to his passengers to give in.

But when the battle commenced the French prize crew became so desperately excited that they forgot their prisoners' possible action and crowded aft to look at the fight.

A few nods and winks amongst the engineers and stokers, a few shovels, iron bars, and belaying-pins, a rush, and the thing was done. The *Teutonic* was herself again.

Captain McKinstry never had the slightest doubt as to

The 2nd Manchesters defending the villas at Gorton against the French and German attack. Waiting for a sight of the enemy.

"Haymaking by Wire" is the subject of a remarkable paper in the April PEARSON'S. A series of unique photographs showing how the Norwegian farmers send their hay by aerial railways from mountain to valley.

the issue of the fight, and only kept his ship out of harm's way until it had ended.

"He sends his compliments, sir," said the chief officer, on concluding his narrative, "and says that if you will hoist a couple of small guns, some rifles and ammunition, into the boat he will soon overhaul the *Claymore* and stop her until you come up."

So it came to pass that when night fell over the Atlantic, the *Australia*, the *Claymore*, and the *Teutonic* towing the *Dupuy de Lôme*, were jogging along steadily towards Plymouth, whilst a small army of willing workers from the White Star liner were doing all that tender care could do for the wounded men on both the warships.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE OF MANCHESTER.

NEWS from the north was brought by a gunboat which happened to be visiting the Tees when the invasion took place.

It was practically a replica of occurrences on the southern belt of the occupied territory, with the added information that the enemy had absolutely gutted Sheffield of stores and munitions of war.

The extensive premises of Messrs. Vickers, Son, and Maxim were emptied of guns, great and small. Some of the position ordnance carried off was of large calibre, 10-inch and 9.2-inch naval guns, and the invaders had secured a tremendous haul of field quick-firers.

After British experiences on the Tugela, and during the investment of Ladysmith, military experts were slow to express too decided opinions on the use of large cannon, but it was really difficult to see what real purpose could be served by such unwieldy monsters as 10-inch guns, especially when attached to a mobile invading force.

"They mean to build another Pretoria in Derbyshire," said the noisiest military member of the Rag, laughing at his own grotesque notion.

"Oh no," put in a stolid sailor. "They're only going to supply a Kindergarten for the Army."

"What do you mean, sir?" said the other, growing fiery red.

"Exactly what I said. The Boers took you out of the perambulator, and these chaps will develop your senses a bit further."

"Sir," roared the elderly general, "if your vaunted ships were on a par of efficiency with the Army, the enemy could never have landed in England."

"Quite true. They would have blockaded the whole British Navy!"

From prisoners on the captured German fleet, the authorities learnt that Goole was used simply as a landing-place with a convenient rail head, and this information was confirmed by the Reserve Fleet after visiting the Humber. The town itself is unapproachable for vessels of deep draught.

All the foreign troops had gone inland, and Hull was left practically untouched, save for a few shells dropped into the town by the passing cruisers, fired more by way of spreading terror than for actual effect.

Major-General R. T. Thynne, commanding the North-Eastern District, headquarters at York, had anticipated orders from the War Office by mobilising all the militia and volunteers under his command, save those whom he could not reach by reason of their depots being in the hands of the enemy.

With rare prescience, too, when he ascertained that the north of Lancashire and the whole of Cumberland and Westmoreland were cut off from their natural centre, Chester, he issued provisional orders to the auxiliary forces there to assemble at Ashton-under-Lyne, the depot of the Manchester regiment; and Colonel G. M. Fox, Assistant-Adjutant-General at York, was dispatched to take temporary command, with the local rank of Major-General.

General E. F. Chapman, at Edinburgh, got the Scottish district into hand as rapidly as was possible, and most fortunately the stores, ample if somewhat antiquated, at Tynemouth Castle and in Edinburgh, were of the utmost value to the two generals in their efforts to get a force into the field which would not be disarmed after a two hours' battle, or demoralised by a night's rain.

Lord Wolseley conveyed, by gunboat express, his complete approval of those arrangements, instructing Major-General Thynne to devote every effort towards restoring communication with the south by way of the Great Northern Railway, along which line the strength of the enemy appeared to be weakest.

Similarly, the London Volunteers, including the Scottish, Irish, Inns of Court, Artists, and Queen's Westminsters, were hurried off towards Grantham and Peterborough for the same purpose.

The other railway companies, in accordance with a request from the Committee of Defence, lent all their available staffs of engineers, platelayers, and others to carry forward the work of repairing the Great Northern line, as it was deemed better to concentrate immediate strength on this section rather than tackle simultaneously the more difficult military operations of following up a strong, well-armed, and well-organised enemy along the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Central lines.

Leaving the line-makers to their arduous work, which had to be carried on in rear of entrenched camps pushed daily forward from north and south, and always exposed to incessant worry from a vigilant body of mounted adversaries, it is necessary to deal with the first serious engagement of the campaign.

This was fought, of course, in the place least expected, a suburb of Manchester.

In obedience to General Thynne's orders, Major-General Fox had gone to Ashton-under-Lyne on Wednesday afternoon.

It must be remembered that in the whole of the Scottish, North-eastern, and northern portion of the Western Districts there was not a single regular regiment of the line, and only one cavalry corps, the 2nd Dragoon Guards, at York. Of field artillery there were three batteries, all far removed from Manchester.

When Major-General Fox reached his destination he found that General Thynne, together with the whole of the staff at York, had laboured under a mistaken impression as to the enemy's probable movements.

It was reasonable enough to suppose that the allies' intention was to form a junction between their east and west forces somewhere in the neighbourhood of Derby, and thence march on the metropolis, with probable co-operation by new arrivals at the mouth of the Thames or on the south coast.

But Major-General Fox soon gathered that the hostile armies were concentrating at a point much further north and consequently nearer Manchester.

Indeed, by a stroke of genius, he fathomed their real design, which was, in the first instance, to strongly establish themselves in a selected locality, and thence harry at their pleasure, and in overwhelming force, owing to their great mobility, Manchester, Bury, Oldham, Huddersfield, Leeds, Bradford—indeed, all the populous and thrifty cities of South Lancashire and Yorkshire.

Now, the main body landed at Liverpool, with their associates inland, had already occupied Warrington, crossed the Mersey at that town, and successively passed through Altringham and Stockport, still making due west on Thursday, but evidently reserving Manchester as a nice large mouthful to be swallowed at leisure.

The British commander felt by intuition, rather than knew by actual information of the enemy's movements, that Cottonopolis was in a position of grave danger.

He adopted a decisive course, sent off telegrams or written instructions changing the venue of the progressing mobilisation to Manchester, and transferred himself and the *personel* of the *depôt* at Ashton-under-Lyne to its important neighbour on Thursday evening.

All through Friday and Saturday he toiled unceasingly to get his command into something like definite shape, and it will now, perhaps, be a convenient moment to glance at the material with which he was soon called upon to fight the first important land battle of the war.

Of field guns he had none.

His volunteer artillery regiments were composed of the 1st Cumberland, from Carlisle, the 3rd Lancashire, from Blackburn, the 5th Lancashire, from Preston, the 7th Lancashire, stationed in Manchester itself, and the 9th Lancashire, from Bolton.

He offered his sword with a low bow to Captain Adair, who received him in the remains of his cabin.

His volunteer Royal Engineers were the 2nd Lancashire (St. Helen's).

There was a detachment of Army Service Corps regulars, and a few depots of tiny dimensions.

Then, of line battalions, he had six regiments of militia, and sixteen of volunteers, the depôts of all the remaining local corps of artillery, engineers, and linesmen, whether regulars, militia, or volunteers, being in the hands of the enemy.

Two small bodies of yeomanry cavalry, the Duke of Lancaster's Own and the Westmoreland and Cumberland Hussars, completed his effective strength, a total of thirty-one regiments and 18,500 men.

This division he disposed in the vicinity of Gorton, Birch, and Rushholme, about one-third being encamped in Victoria Park, and the remainder billeted in private houses, which Major-General Fox and his subordinate officers strongly advised the occupants to vacate, but they did not enforce the proposal as a command.

Colonel the Earl of Lonsdale, to whom was allotted control of the mounted force, not only directed some really excellent scouting towards Altringham, Stockport, and Hyde (the latter town being found unoccupied at first), but also busied himself in obtaining every man in Manchester or the surrounding districts who could ride and shoot. These came forward in large numbers, and two regiments, known as the 1st and 2nd Lancashire Irregular Horse, were thus constituted.

Morning, noon, and night—for two days—they were simply taught how to form fours, and carry on scouting duties, whilst their horses were exercised in standing fire, this being considered an indispensable part of the training.

Simultaneously the volunteers were employed in entrenching the Openshaw, Gorton, Stockport, and Cheadle main roads, with their connecting thoroughfares. Trees were felled, hedges and walls cleared away, and as much clear space as possible obtained for uninterrupted fire.

On Sunday evening Major-General Fox had good reason to congratulate both himself and his men on the assiduity they had displayed.

About nine o'clock the cavalry vedettes were driven back from Hyde, and half-an-hour later from Stockport, in each case reporting the advance of large bodies of the enemy.

The two towns are about five miles distant from the suburbs of Manchester, where the British position lay, and at ten o'clock the foremost infantry post at Gorton became aware of the rapid approach of hostile cavalry.

These gentry, French cuirassiers, led by Colonel Verney du Bois, had hitherto carried matters with such a high hand in cutting down unarmed policemen or dazed staff-sergeants in military depôts, that, although they expected some resistance, they did not dream of encountering a stern and decided repulse.

But they did, to such a tune that half of their saddles were emptied before they thought fit to race back harder than they came, leaving behind them some sixty of their leading squadron killed and wounded.

A precisely similar incident happened at Longsight. The defenders stood to their arms all night, but there was no renewal of the attack in either case, and bicyclist scouts, chosen on account of their noiselessness, reported that the enemy had retired to the two towns already mentioned.

The reason was appreciated next morning. When day broke the allies advanced in force, with all arms, and as soon as they discovered that the British troops were entrenched, they began to shell their position.

To reply the volunteers had three batteries of four guns each, made up of old-fashioned Armstrong 60-pounders, breech-loaders, but antiquated, and not even equal in range to the modern 15-pounder quick-firers brought into action by the invaders.

The remainder of the volunteer artillery armament was left in their drill-sheds, being muzzle-loaders of a date prior to the Franco-German war of 1870.

The disparity of the weapons was so obvious, and the volunteer guns suffered so grievously from drawing the enemy's fire, that the general sent a galloper to tell Colonel W. Sandeman, of the 3rd Lancashire Artillery, to cease firing, and only use his guns in case of a rush by the hostile infantry.

Similar orders were forwarded to the other British batteries.

The allies, whose guns were posted on the highest available points near Denton and Heaton Norris, then commenced a merciless and terrible fire over a front of nearly three miles.

The Lancashire militia and volunteers were subject to that most trying of all ordeals, a scathing and searching burst of shrapnel, which threw a perfect hail of bullets against their not too well sheltered trenches, whilst common shell and melinite—brother to our lyddite—tore up the ground, knocked brick-and-a-half houses to pieces, and sent blinding showers of stones and dust in all directions.

General Fox afterwards confessed that he did not think his raw troops would stand it for ten minutes.

They were as conscious as he that their opponents were trained soldiers, far better armed, better disciplined, and secure in the belief that their artillery alone could clear the ground before them.

Indeed, the assailants fully expected to begin the looting of Manchester within the next hour, as they felt they could penetrate the line of defence at any point after the guns had done their work.

The British Commander sent off nearly all the available members of his staff to rush with a message to the colonel of each regiment in the firing line, to tell the men that so long as they kept to cover they need not fear the artillery, demoralising as it looked.

He personally went to the lines in front of the villa residences at Gorton to reassure the 2nd Manchesters, but his manner, as he spoke to Colonel Bridgford, must have betrayed his secret dread of the impending disaster.

One of the men overheard him, and turning round in his shelter-trench said:

"Don't you fear, sir. Those chaps in front there will have to climb over our dead bodies before they get at our homes."

"We can surely play the game as well as the Boers, sir," cried another.

"That's it!" said the general, with a fine assumption of confidence. "Imitate their tactics and you will beat off the coming attack. If it is pushed home don't forget you have bayonets."

A cheer from the nearest volunteers answered him.

Many of the men knew the locality intimately, some of them even lived there, and it was amusing to hear their half-humorous, half awe-stricken comments on the effect of the enemy's shells.

"There goes our best bed-room," growled the son of a solicitor, when a projectile struck the gable end of his house.

"Jimmy," said another, "they've blown up your kitchen garden with melinite."

"And I planted it with spring onions a-Monday," was the sorrowful reply.

A common shell burst with an awful crash against the stone pillars of a detached villa.

"Old Binstead told me the other day he hadn't heard his clock strike since he had the influenza, but I'll bet he heard that," said a cracked voice, and the speaker's tone, more than his words, evoked a general snigger.

"Steady, men," said Captain T. H. Cunliff. "Sight for 1,500 yards, and fire volleys by command."

He had caught a momentary vision of khaki-coated figures creeping across the railway line near Denton station, and knew that the infantry attack was developing.

In front of the trench held by the 2nd Manchesters there was another railway, slightly sunk below the level. Here some twenty of the regimental marksmen were stationed, lying behind the further fence. They were perfectly safe unless the assailants carried the position, as the sharp fusilade, which now broke out, passed over their heads, being aimed at the entrenchments.

They were a bit flurried at first, but as the allies pressed down to a small stream that intersected the foreground, they got the range, 700 yards, to a nicety, and began to perform what they termed "a bit of Bisley plating" on the advancing foe.

Probably these twenty men did more execution than the volleys by half companies, fired by the entire regiment.

They knew it themselves, for they could mark the result of each shot, and in five minutes they were as cool over the business as though they were pot-hunting.

"Are you shooting over the bar, or through the V, Harry?" said one of a pair who happened to be close enough

The thrilling serial "Briton or Boer" by that popular author George Griffith is now appearing in SHORT STORIES.

to hear each other speak, in spite of the din of crackling rifles and bursting shells.

"Over the bar. I'm allowing two feet windage."

"You don't say so. I'm allowing three, myself, but I always pull a shade to the right."

"I've downed seven. What's your total?"

"Five bulls and an outer. The chap's crawling up the hill there, now. Low right I think."

In plain English, the couple had already accounted for thirteen of the allies.

"Who says some ginger pop?" cried a youth in the Manchesters' fighting-line, hysterical with excitement and dimly sensible of an awful thirst.

"Shut up," bellowed a corporal. "There's enough pop all round just now, and you'll want all the ginger you can spare shortly."

This caused a laugh down the ranks, but men who could tackle their first engagement with a powerful enemy in such temper, might be trusted to see it much further before the raid on Manchester "began to arrive"—which is exactly the phrase used by a French infantry captain then creeping up to a hedge 600 yards away.

But jest and banter ceased as the casualty list mounted up.

Men saw as in a dream some well-known officer, some beloved chum, give a convulsive lurch and then lie still or begin to tear up the grass in agony, whilst blood and froth came from their lips with the quick panting of a wounded animal.

Succour there could be none at such a moment. The wounded must remain until the crisis had passed, for the brown line in front kept on with unflinching courage, rushing to every remnant of a hedge, seeking every possible bit of cover, but ever advancing; for were not these the best men of the great armies of France and Germany, men who were resolved to succeed, who knew that their only hope lay in success?

On, ever onwards they came, whilst rifle barrels grew hot, and the landscape danced before the eyes, and the running, crouching figures, now so near, seemed at one moment like giants and the next like pigmies.

"Fix bayonets!" rang out the Colonel's order, and it was taken up by section commanders down the line.

"Wait for the bugle before you charge, men. Fire low and steady."

The Colonel's words and the officers' quiet repetition were useful at such a moment. Men blinked determinedly, and set their teeth in the resolve to do or die.

Now the hostile artillery ceased, but in that instant the Cumberland Artillery on the right, and the Manchester gunners in the centre of the Gorton position sprang up, and, depressing the muzzles of their guns, fired a splendid salvo of shrapnel at the advancing line.

It tore gaps in the allied ranks, but they persevered. Two hundred yards, a hundred and fifty, a hundred; the gunners reversed their shrapnel in the cannon and burst the shell from the muzzle.

In two places at least the attack wavered.

"Independent magazine firing!" roared Colonel Bridgford, and a perfect whirlwind of lead smote the grass in the intervening field.

A fierce yell, like unto no sound of man under other conditions, burst from the Manchesters and the other regiments in the fighting line as they saw the enemy bend back, scatter into fragments, and run, such as could, away to the hedges, ditches, brook, railway embankment—anywhere to get out of that place of death.

By single impulse they jumped up in their trenches and shrieked their delight, but the Colonel, majors, and company leaders ran up and down the line imploring them to lie down again, for the enemy's guns, seeing that the attack had failed, were reopening with renewed energy.

Major-General Fox wiped the sweat from his brow with his right hand as he gathered up the reins of his horse.

"Thank Heaven," he said, "*they* are all right!" and he rode off at a hard gallop to the right attack in the vicinity of Birch.

Here the brunt of the fighting was borne by the 4th Militia Battalion of the Manchester Regiment, the right and left half battalions being commanded respectively by Majors H. A. Johnson and A. H. Bayley, the colonel having been wounded by a fragment of shell before the infantry attack took place.

The left half battalion held the railway and high road to Stockport, both of which were protected by abattis and wire entanglements, in addition to the lines of trenches.

Colonel R. C. Hare, commanding the regimental district, controlled the brigade, a strong one, because the front to be defended was not more than 300 yards, and the fighting line was supported by another militia and a volunteer battalion, with the St. Helens Royal Engineers in reserve.

At the beginning of the action Colonel Hare was obliged to sharply inform the militia officers that they must seek cover as well as their men, for they were strolling about the position with as much nonchalance as if they held modern artillery fire to be somewhat less harmful than a Manchester fog.

In its main features the enemy's left attack progressed on an exact parallel to that delivered by their right. But just as the final onslaught was to be either repulsed or pushed home, a dramatic and sensational incident occurred.

Under cover of the woods near Birch Hall, a strong force of the allied cavalry, and three field guns mounted on light galloping carriages, formed up for an attack, and suddenly charged full tilt in the direction of Victoria Park.

Their object was to break the British right wing and roll up the defence towards the centre. With such speed and determination did they advance that they swept through a corps of volunteer artillery like a whirl-wind, using their lances with deadly effect.

The three guns enfiladed the defender's lines right up to the Stockport Road, and for five minutes the position was critical, as the allied infantry were arriving in small batches and half of the cavalry had dismounted to join their fire to that of the guns.

Major Johnson had to change front to the right under a galling fire. His men were dropping fast, and they were absolutely without cover save the occasional presence of a hedge or clump of trees left untouched in rear of their position. Yet they contested the ground stubbornly, and section commanders kept the individual firing well under control.

"Aim for the guns," was the constant order, and although the weapons were of the latest French field type, worked by two men and protected by steel shields, the militia kept up such a ding-ding upon these safeguards that they were soon shot away, for there is no ½-inch steel plate in existence that will long resist the pounding of the Lee-Metford nickel-faced bullet.

But now the allied infantry were pouring up in hundreds. By successive rushes they gained yard by yard, and it was patent that even with the assistance of the reserves there was great danger of the British lines being carried.

Unseen by the assailants, however, the 1st Lancashire Irregular Horse, led by Major Turner, of the 2nd Bengal Lancers, who happened to be staying at Southport on leave when the war broke out, were drawn up in the suburb of Rusholme, not half a mile away.

They trotted sharply along the Cheadle road until they reached the cross road that skirts Victoria Park on the south, in the rear of the extreme British right, which was still unbroken.

Bending forward into a gallop as he entered this thoroughfare, Major Turner drew his sword and shouted:

"Follow me, lads, and hit hard. Pass the order along."

The words flew down the ranks, and the horses stretched out into the more rapid pace. Three hundred yards ahead were the allied cavalry, with their led horses.

Now, a force of a thousand mounted troops, unskilled in cavalry evolutions and armed with sabres, had not the slightest chance against an equal number of trained soldiers equipped with both lance and sabre, under anything like equal conditions.

On paper the charge they delivered was monstrous folly. They could ride well, every man, but, except during six parades on the two preceding days, they had never carried in the saddle any weapon more offensive than a hunting whip.

They could form fours in troop and shuffle back into two ranks again, but of the vital essentials of squadron action they had not, as a mass, the slightest conception.

Yet they had stout hearts and strong arms, they were fighting for their own firesides against a foe whose cold-blooded cruelty had rendered them desperate with rage, and they were led by a man who, if spared by hostile bullet in the onward rush, would assuredly launch them against their opponents in the best possible manner.

As they thundered forward the country grew more open, for walls and hedges here had disappeared, not alone because of Colonel Fox's efforts to clear the front of the position, but as the result of the fearful melinite shells which had previously scarched the locality.

Checking his horse's stride somewhat, Major Turner yelled to those nearest to him to "spread out and form a longer line," waving his sword right and left to illustrate his meaning, which he purposely conveyed by words they would understand.

In a loose cloud of horsemen they rode ahead, encountering now some of the allied infantry whom they scattered like chaff.

At this instant they were seen by the mounted men, who were thrown into confusion by their wholly unexpected appearance. A scramble was made by the allied cavalry to get into rank, and the men on foot ran to their horses, but no troops in the world could have regained anything like cohesion before the leading sections of the Irregulars were among them.

Sticking, cutting, thrusting, mad with excitement, and shouting themselves into hysteria, the Lancashire horsemen smashed into the thick of it, squad after squad riding up *ventre à terre* and adding to the inextricable mass of the *mêlée*.

Major Bayley, in command of the militia left half battalion, thinking the moment ripe for a counter-move, ordered his men to fix bayonets and charge, which they did with right good will, driving the enemy's infantry back in the direction of Levenshulme, whilst Major Johnson's shattered remnant, aided by the Engineers, pressed right up to the struggling cavalry, captured the French guns, and fired, when it was possible, at the mounted enemy.

The outcome was even yet doubtful, for at least a third of the hostile cavalry had recovered themselves, and the odds would still be in their favour against the Irregulars, but they caught sight of Lord Lonsdale's hussar squadrons coming along the road previously taken by Major Turner, and forming squadron front with such methodical quickness that the German cavalry did not wait for this second charge to be pressed home. They turned and fairly bolted, leaving the field to the Irregulars.

Lord Lonsdale took up the pursuit but dared not follow too far, for shells were again falling fast on the disputed ground, and the British troopers had to be hastily withdrawn to cover.

The three captured French guns were handed over to the artillery volunteers, and on examination by the officers and sergeant-instructors it was found that they were easy to work. An experimental shell or two was sent after the retreating enemy with good effect, but the ammunition in the limber being limited to a few rounds it was decided to keep it for future emergencies.

General Fox arrived in time to see the splendid bayonet charge of the militia and the cavalry attack. He was warm in his praise of Majors Turner and Bayley, and, indeed, of all concerned, for the tussle was fiercely fought to a finish.

It was now ten o'clock, and arrangements were hastily made to collect the dead and wounded and to procure some food for the troops, who had been under arms all night, and must remain until dusk, when the reserves would take their places.

The British losses were heavy, over 1,000 all told, but the enemy had suffered even more seriously, as their proportion of dead was far higher, the majority of bullet wounds being in the head and breast. It was found, too, that the invaders paid no heed to their wounded, but left them to die unless they were tended by the British ambulance. This kindly aid was given without stint or distinction.

In the combined attack there were some 10,000 of the allies on the field, and for all that the Commandant knew, they might be the advance division of a much larger army.

If that were so, and no help arrived, he and his brave troops had but deferred the evil hour for the doomed city, now the scene of a panic exceeding that which had overtaken Liverpool or Birmingham.

There the blow had fallen so swiftly that it had stunned the populace, who lay helpless and prostrate until the invaders had passed away. Here there was the agony of anticipation, the eager effort to save possessions or household goods from the hands of the destroyer, the affrighting sounds of the conflict in the suburbs, and the occasional presence in the interior streets or houses of a projectile fired at a high angle.

It was impossible to calm the people. Husbands and fathers, if they cared little for themselves, became frenzied when they thought of danger to their loved ones, and they strove by all means in their power to rescue them whilst there was yet time.

Victoria Station was besieged by a desperate mob, with whom the railway officials were quite unable to deal. The Oldham Road was hopelessly blocked. The Prestwich and Blackley roads were packed with flying crowds, and Salford was in a state of greater disorder than Manchester, for its own dismayed inhabitants were added to each minute by hordes from the sister city.

(To be continued.)

[Next week we shall give a map of the scene of operations around Manchester.]

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"Juno the Tigress." A stirring story of ancient Rome, by Roland Merrick, appears in the new ROYAL.

WHEN THE GREATEST GENERAL DIES

How Nations Fare When Their Chief Leader Meets with His Death.

Possibly the instance of failure of a country's best man that concerns England more than any other is one to be associated with the never-to-be-forgotten destruction of the great and invincible Spanish Armada. Those who know their history of the reign of Elizabath will recall that the Admiral of the Spanish fleet who was defeated in the Channel in the year of grace 1588 was an utterly incompetent man of the name of de Gusman, better known as the Duke of Medina Sidonia.

As a grandee this individual was in his element. As a sailor he was no good at all. And so it was that the Spanish galleons under his command were routed and destroyed. But on the eve of the great defeat there had just died in Spain a really great sailor under whom the Spaniards might have fared very differently, and who might, in the opinion of many naval authorities, have conquered England with results that are more easily imagined than described. But this man, Santa Cruz, a veteran admiral of wide experience and with a splendid record, had not satisfied his headstrong master, Philip II., and his caution had met with disfavour in the King's eyes.

The consequence was that he was superseded by the Duke of Medina, and when the Armada left the Tagus, sailing in the direction of the English shores, the brave old admiral was

LEFT BEHIND TO DIE OF GRIEF.

In reality, when he rejected the services of Santa Cruz, Philip was putting aside his last resource. And, as we all know, the defeat of the Armada was the commencement of the decline of a country that had once been, perhaps, the greatest power in the world. To-day it is one of the least.

Very similar in a few points is the case of Scandinavia, and the greatest man those twin countries, Norway and Sweden, ever produced. But for the death of Gustavus Adolphus at the battle of Lutzen the history of Europe would be very different. A man of splendid heroism and a born soldier, Adolphus was the central figure in the thirty years' religious war of which Germany was the arena. He had made successful war upon Denmark. He had inflicted defeat upon the then inferior power, Russia. He had contracted an important truce with Poland, then a power in herself.

Championing, as he did, the cause of Protestantism, he would have not only affected the future of Germany to an incalculable extent had he survived the victory he achieved at Lutzen, but, by continuing as he would have done, to realise the possibilities of Scandinavia as a political and military Power, he would have changed the whole world's history to an extent that is difficult to realise. For, had Scandinavia remained the power it was in the days of Elizabeth, Russia could never have become a power at all.

In those days, as a historian has left it on record, people thought no more about the strength of the Tsar than we entertain to-day a respect for the King of Timbuctoo! But Adolphus died, and Sweden, instead of advancing her power, stood still for a period. Then her chance came, but it was lost. Charles XII. made a great blunder, and consequently lost the battle of Pultowa.

The Russians were the victors, and in an incredibly short time had made their country the power Scandinavia had been in the days of Adolphus, while Scandinavia herself dwindled down into insignificance. Gustavus Adolphus was her hero, and she lost him in the height of his achievements.

Charles XII. might have saved the country. But he was their last resource, and he failed! And thus it comes about that

RUSSIA IS THUNDERING

at the door of India, the Tsar's is the one name that is never omitted from a European Cabinet Council, and the shadow of the Muscovite bear is creeping slowly but surely across the whole continent of Europe.

There have not been many cases in our own country of the failure of the last resource. Pessimists will tell you that the time is yet to come when we shall have to chronicle such an episode in our history. But from time to time the death of a single soldier has undoubtedly affected the annals of Britain. We can picture the events that might have occurred had Harold lived through the Battle of Hastings. People have said that but for the early extinction of his career in the notable battle, the result of the invasion by William of Normandy might have been very different.

The theory is one open to question, but there can be little doubt but that the death of John Hampden at Chalgrove during the civil war of Charles I.'s reign removed a man who was promising to prove as great a soldier as Cromwell, and, moreover, possessed diplomatic qualities that, in the opinion of the famous Lord Macaulay, would have rendered him more fitted to succeed the incompetent monarch than was Oliver, the future Protector. Not without reason does the distinguished essayist state that, had he lived, Hampden would have become the George Washington of England. But, unfortunately, he was killed almost at the outset of the war that ended with Charles' capture and execution.

The French have been observing recently that the reverses sustained by our forces in South Africa clearly prove that for nearly a century we have been resting on the laurels of the Duke of Wellington. This assertion, coupled with the much-circulated complaints about War Office mismanagement, cannot fail to remind one of the way in which we nearly rejected our "last resource," as we may surely call the Iron Duke, in the Peninsular War with which the century opened. In this case it was not Death who was the mischief-maker.

To appear before a Court of Inquiry the Duke, or Sir Arthur Wellesley as he then was, was recalled from the scene of operations at a moment when he was most required. Wellesley and his fellow-officers in Spain had procured what is known as the Convention of Cintra, by which we had reaped material gain through acquiring a base for operations against

OUR OPPONENTS, THE FRENCH.

But the authorities at home appear to have been unable to realise the object of the convention, and so the officers responsible for the operation were recalled.

In Wellington's absence the campaign was grossly mismanaged. Thanks to a series of blunders, one of the British generals found himself at one place without cavalry or guns and with a force marching against one of the enemy nine times as large and fresh from home. Another was cut off with a small army in another position, while a third was searching for his brother-officers with all the artillery and cavalry supplied from England! And then it was that, solely owing to the influence Wellesley possessed, Sir Arthur was sent back to Spain, and he did not relinquish command in the Peninsula until the signing of the peace treaty at Toulouse. There can be no doubt but that he was our "last resource" on this occasion. Fortunately our authorities gave him his chance of success before it was too late.

Though there are few now and were equally few in 1777 who considered General Fraser, who fell at Saratoga, the British "last resource," there can be no doubt that our opponents, the Americans, believed that valiant officer to be such.

The battle of Saratoga, it will be recollected, was lost to this country, and led to the reluctant recognition by Britain of the American Independency.

Our forces were led by a valiant soldier named Burgoyne, while the commanding officer's right-hand man was the Brigadier-General Fraser referred to. When the battle was at its height Fraser was seen to be infusing fresh courage into his men wherever he went, restoring order wherever the line began to waver, and altogether behaving in the most admirable manner. But while so doing he was rashly exposing himself to the American fire, being, indeed, mounted on a grey charger, and attired in the full uniform of a general officer.

One of the American leaders quickly singled out the valiant Scotsman, and, pointing towards him, he said to his men: "That officer is General Fraser. I admire him, but he must die. Our victory depends upon it. Do your duty." Within five minutes the gallant Fraser fell, mortally wounded, after refusing to withdraw from the prominent position he held, even when his aide-de-camp informed him that

THE AMERICAN MARKSMEN

had discovered his identity.

Whether the enemy's officer was right, and the success of the British arms really depended on the brave man who thus fell, it is impossible to say. At any rate the battle was a defeat for our country.

There are many who entertain the idea that by the death of Prince Imperial, who fell when fighting for Britain against the Zulus, Imperial France's doom was sealed. The theory is a somewhat extravagant one, but many will agree with those responsible for it that, had the young Prince survived the war and won for himself distinction as a soldier, a revulsion of feeling in his favour might have affected France in such a way as to lead to the re-establishment of the Empire of Napoleon.

The death of another Frenchman is believed to have dealt the death-blow to yet another cause. Few to-day are there to whom the name of Schomberg conveys any meaning, but at one time the throne of this country was practically assured to the reigning king by the man thus named falling at the Battle of the Boyne. It was in the days when William and Mary reigned in Britain, their predecessor, James II., having been expelled the country. The latter had enlisted the services of Schomberg, who had been a French Marshal, and managed to collect a large army of Irishmen, besides receiving aid from France. However, at the battle mentioned above, Schomberg was killed and James defeated, and thus the danger to the throne of William and Mary was averted. But things might have been very different had not the dethroned monarch's "last resource" failed.

A New Industry.

After extracting a nail from the stomach of a child, where it had remained for about a week, a Turin surgeon remarked that the iron had become reddish in some places and corroded in others, in exactly the same way as ancient Greek and Roman coins.

These observations, communicated to his colleagues, spread abroad, and quite a new industry has sprung up lately in Italy. Traders manufacture spurious coins with the effigy of Trojan and others, and force them down the throats of turkeys. They kill them after a few days and withdraw the coins, which thus acquire an appearance of antiquity which deceives the most experienced numismatists.

Still the Landlady Scored.

"You have a very nice-looking landlady," said Anson to his friend Benson, who lived in "diggings," "but she looks a sharper," he added, in a whisper.

"Yes, you are right," replied Anson, with the smile of a man who had long since discovered the fact. "It wants someone cuter than I am to best that woman."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, when I first came here a strong suspicion grew on me that the landlady helped herself rather freely to the victuals which I brought in for myself. I would stop her little game, I thought. So, accordingly one day I brought home a chop and a pound of new potatoes. Having counted the potatoes, and finding there were ten in all, I handed them over to be cooked. When the meal was ready and the covers had been removed, I strained my neck to see the result of my little ruse, when——"

"You found nearly half of them gone, I suppose?"

"No, nothing of the sort. They were mashed!"

The Emergency Clerk.

"I ran across a clerk here who is worth his weight in gold, if not in precious stones," said a guest at one of the hotels. "If I was in business in Manchester, I would get that man if I had to chloroform and abduct him. The way I discovered his merits was this: I was standing in a shop down the street, waiting for my wife to decide what she didn't want, when a tailor-made girl walked up and asked to see some golf clubs. The young man behind the counter showed her several, and in a few moments she found one that suited her and went away with it under her arm.

"'Are there many players in Manchester?' I asked after she had gone.

"'Oh, yes; quite a number,' replied the clerk affably.

"'Have you golf links here?' I continued, getting interested.

"A look of real pain crossed the young man's face. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'very sorry, but the fact is we sold our last golf links this morning. However, we have ordered a new stock,' he added, brightening up, 'and they will be here in a few days. Which did you wish, the plain or the—er—fancy links?'

"A clerk like that is beyond price, sir, perfectly invaluable. Ten years hence I expect to find him a merchant prince."

"I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Parvenu, bidding good-bye to her guests after an "At Home," "that the weather has kept all our best people away!"

"Ma, our old cat likes a joke."

"What makes you think so, Jimmy?"

"'Cause when she ketches a mouse, she allus brings it to you."

Uneasy Passenger (on an ocean steamship): "Doesn't the vessel tip frightfully?"

Dignified steward: "The vessel, mum, is trying to set a good example to the passengers."

Wanted Work.—Mr. Muggs: "Want work, eh? Well, that's encouraging, at any rate. What can you do?"

Tramp: "I'd like to hire myself out as a reminder, sir."

"A reminder? What's that?"

"W'y, sir, every year I'll remind you that it's your wife's birthday, so you kin git her a present, an' not be made miserable fer six months."

A PROPHECY FULFILLED!

The war in South Africa was foreseen, and actually described, so far back as 1896, by George Griffith in his now famous story "Briton or Boer?" which is re-appearing in serial form in Short Stories.

This week's instalment tells of the flight of General Cronje from his prepared position at Buluwayo, and of his capture with a force of fifteen hundred men and guns by General Carrington.

In view of the fact that this incident was dealt with so long ago, the forecast is remarkable.

There are other incidents of equally thrilling interest in the story, and you should not miss them.

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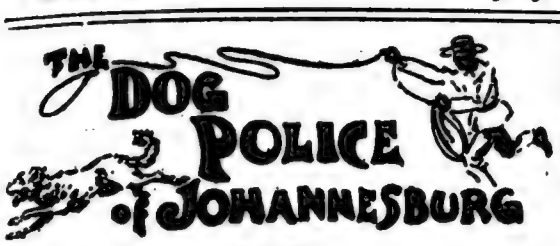


HOW THE STRAY MONGRELS OF THE GOLDEN CITY ARE CAUGHT AND CAGED.

UNTIL very recently, the number of dogs of all classes in the South African town so well known as Johannesburg was quite remarkable.

The majority of the male population was without any domestic tie, and most of those who could afforded themselves the companionship of a good dog.

Very many of these creatures strayed from their owners or were left behind to wander about by the floating population.

These deserting and deserted dogs, thus thrown on their own resources, became bold, ferocious, even dangerous, and certainly a very great nuisance. Hence in the Boer mind arose the necessity for a dog catching corps, which was forthwith organised under the name of the Johannesburg Dog Police.

Their more important duty was the tracking and capture, or arrest of dogs wandering "without visible means," or, in other words, without a visible owner. The corps was really an off-shoot of the Sanitary Police, with nigger boys assisting and doing the rougher part of the work.

They usually paraded the Golden City in the morning as a rule after the breakfast hour.

The hunt was anything but fun for those dogs, unless they escaped, when they might enjoy the defeat of the superior force.

The police employed for their purpose a travelling van or cage cart, quite similar to a menagerie van, and this was drawn by one or two horses. Some of the police and nigger boys,

EQUIPPED WITH STICKS AND LASSOES,

accompanied this curious conveyance.

The entire city was paraded, and the operations were the subject of much interest and amusement, not unmixed with pity, when the fate of unbailed prisoner dogs was considered. At this stage the main body of dogs "wanted by the police," might be divided into the "suspects," those with a record for vagrancy, or that had evaded arrest previously—this class knew some tricks—and the recent recruits, only a short time strayed, which latter class may be called the "derelicts."

The suspects knew pretty well the mission of the Dog Police, with their van and other trappings. Their capture had been attempted before, and indeed it was the suspects that gave these active sporting dog "Bobbies" by far the most work and the most play. A suspect had his position located, after due reconnaissance by nigger scouts—a proper suspect could recognise these scouts — and sometimes a rather elaborate disposition of forces was necessary, to cut off his retreat down some intersecting side street.

After due preparation and disposal of force, along a portion of some leading thoroughfare, the chase proper began. Let us take Commissioner Street, a leading business thoroughfare—it was at the time of these events—and often the scene of operations.

This thoroughfare has a gentle rise towards "The Chains," by which side street, and a number of others, it is intersected.

The side streets lead to the great squares, and once a dog reached a square, such as Marshall, or Market, he was in "open country," so to speak.

Large numbers of people passed through Commissioner Street, crowds also collected, and many vehicles passed there, and here also many of these suspect dogs were to be found.

The latter might therefore be called lucky, or be said to have chosen their position well, as the heavy traffic greatly impeded

THE WORK OF THE DOG POLICE.

Nigger boys had previously been in advance, marking likely dogs for capture. The dog cage appeared at the lower end of this street and slowly advanced.

It had not entered long when several unsuspecting derelicts were assailed, lassoed, and encaged, where their barking and antics, combined with its rumbling noise, acted as a good signal to the suspects, and these —their capture having been attempted before—were immediately on the alert.

The men had now done something for their pay, but the badly-wanted dogs had become scarce along the friendly side streets. Thus ensued the policemen's dilemma as well as their success.

These derelicts were not always the easy prey we have already found them. Often when the lasso was removed from a large dog of this class, and his transfer to the van almost effected, with a snarl and a twist he would release himself from the neck-grip of his assailant.

Smaller dogs, if very wicked, would occasionally regain their freedom by similar means. In these cases, there followed a rush and a tumble, perhaps, on the part of the baulked police, when, amid the jeers of an Uitlander crowd, the lucky animal scurried off, to become a real suspect and more difficult of capture another day.

When the police succeeded, and dogs were secured, the humanly pathetic look on the faces of some of them was rather affecting.

Their looks might have said to the crowd: "Will no one help a stranger in distress?"

Poor derelicts, their fate was a hard one, if no one to bail or to purchase turned up. They were destroyed.

The real part of the work was to capture the more knowing suspects. One of the latter was marked, the cage van being the while kept as much as possible in the background.

A nigger with lasso then approached, and, if he got near enough, made a cast, and what happened was something as follows, the side streets being the while guarded as already described:

The first cast probably missed, and, from a spectator's point of view, the fun began. The dog commenced a series of scientific dodges; he darted along one of the side streets, approached the men on guard at the outlet, and when near them circled and darted backwards and forwards between them, until at length, with a more sudden rush, the artful dog had passed through, not perhaps untouched, but escaping the toils of the lasso, and having a fairly free run for an open square.

A second and a third cast of the rope had missed. It is easier to lasso a retreating than an approaching animal. A dog had sometimes to be "played" on the lasso something like

THE WAY SALMON ARE PLAYED.

The owner might turn up and claim a captured dog, while the men were still gasping with the fatigues of the chase, and when in the act of proudly encaging their quarry. Here they must surrender, as their mission was the capture of ownerless dogs, and if possible without protest, as they had plainly exceeded their duty. A sharp harangue, however, was often the result of such encounters between police and owners, when much was given, taken, and given back in the respective dialects.

Often an expert nigger outwitted and secured a suspect at one cast of his lasso, and the sharp yelp, as the cord was "chucked taut" was rather piteous to hear. His days of pleasant brigandage were perhaps nearly over, the poor dog seeming the while to realise the fact. Most of the captured were well-bred animals, and, at the close of a morning's hunt, when the van had its complement, a procession of police and niggers, making up the proper convoy, was formed. They proceeded to the dog repository with an air of consequence, which would convey that very important issues depended on their work.

Arrived here, the dogs were then either returned to their owners, sold or destroyed, and thus the work of the Dog Police proceeded.

The Smallest Band in the World.

THE little drum and solitary fife, to the sound of which the Chelsea pensioners march, is the smallest, just as it is one of the oldest, of all bands, while it is singular in the fact that its total strength of two never varies.

Further, it holds the unique distinction of never marching a single step, the only occasion of its falling in being for church parade every Sunday morning, when, taking up position in front of the Royal Hospital, the drummer and fifer stand and play while the old heroes march through the colonnade into their chapel storied with the many standards captured in battle.

The little drummer is probably the shortest man that ever served as a soldier of the Queen, his height being only four feet four. Joining the Staffordshire Regiment as a boy, he afterwards failed to reach but little further up towards the standard, yet was retained in the service, leaving at the expiration of his full time with a medal for long service and good conduct, and also the star and medal for the Egyptian campaign.

In the Chelsea Pensioners' band there is no rank or distinction, while it is distinctly peculiar in that it is the only military band which has no big drum.

"WHAT," said one cynic, "is fame?"

"Fame," answered the other, "is what makes you valuable to some book publisher after you're dead."

HE: "What lovely airs Miss Murray always gives us."

She: "Yes. But they're nothing to the ones she gives herself."

A CLERGYMAN was speaking to the boys in his school on the necessity of growing up good and useful citizens. In order to illustrate his remarks, he pointed to the gown he was wearing, and said:

"Boys, work well, and be straightforward, and one day you may wear one of these! Why do I wear this gown, boys?"

One little fellow held up his hand.

"Well, my boy, why?"

"To hide the holes in your trousers, sir!" replied the boy.

WHAT A LETTER OF MARQUE REALLY IS.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM ONE OF THESE RARE DOCUMENTS.

THE seizure of one or two foreign ships by the British authorities in the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay recalls to mind the more formal and official seizure of the enemy's ships in time of warfare by the power given to a holder of a letter of marque.

Although this system of piracy was abolished by the Treaty of Paris in 1856, there is no guarantee whatsoever against its revival at any time and in any place. Spain and the United States could have revived the old system at once, as these Powers did not subscribe to the treaty referred to.

To put the matter concisely, this form of legalised privateering is, or was, the natural resource of a nation whose regular navy is too weak to make head against the maritime power of the enemy, especially when the latter offers the temptation of a wealthy commerce.

In our wars between 1793-1814 many British privateers were afloat. But in this same period no fewer than 10,871 British ships, representing in hard cash £100,000,000, were taken by French corsairs, since when the British Government has issued no further letters of marque, nor is it probable that they ever will, seeing that in these days Britain possesses the finest and the most formidable navy in the world.

A letter of marque empowers you to seize ships, goods, and subjects of the enemy on the high seas, and having taken your prisoners to the nearest convenient port for adjudging by the authorities of your country, and having received their imprimatur that your capture is legal, you are then entitled to sell the captured ship and her merchandise, and pocket what you can get for it.

Of course there are certain formalities to be gone through ere you launch out as a legalised pirate, and these we quote from an actual letter of marque which was granted to a good subject of George III., and which is dated December 11th, 1803. This letter of marque is a very valuable one, and was courteously lent to *P.W.* by Mr. John Terry, of Wrotham.

It begins: "Whereas in consequence of the repeated insults and provocations which We have experienced from the government of France, We find Ourselves compelled to take such measures as are necessary for vindicating the honour of our crown and the just rights of Our subjects, and have ordered that General Reprisals be granted against the ships, Goods, and Subjects of the French Republic, Commissioned by Letters of Marque, so that all ships, as well as Our fleets may lawfully apprehend, seize, and take the Ships, Vessels, and Goods belonging to the French Republic, or to any persons being subjects of the French Republic, and bring the same to Judgment in Our High Court of Admiralty for Proceedings and Adjucations and Condemnation."

Next we read: "Whereas our said Commissioners . . . have thought. John Lawton fitly qualified, who hath equipped, furnished, and victualled a Ship called the *Snap Dragon*, of the burthen of about One hundred and Seven tons Foreign Built Square Sterned Schooner and two masts . . . carrying Shot of Six and Four Pounds weight and no Swivel guns, and Navigated with Thirty-One men, of whom one-third are Landmen and belonging to the Port of Plymouth . . . and as the said John Lawton hath given sufficient Bail with Sureties to Us . . . know ye, therefore, that We do by these presents issue forth and grant Letters of Marque and Reprisals to license and authorise John Lawton to set forth in a Warlike manner the said Ship, called the *Snap Dragon*, under his own command and by force of Arms to apprehend, seize, and take the Ships, Vessels, and Goods belonging to the French Republic."

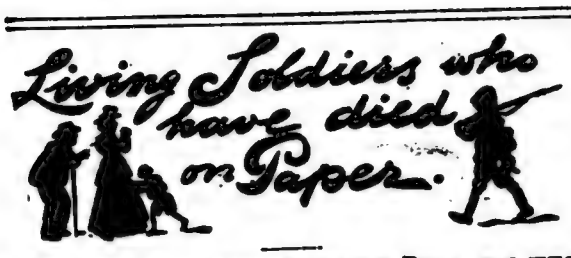
Mr. Lawton is then directed to observe certain exceptions in his marine operations; for instance, he is to take care not to seize vessels "Within the Harbours or Roads of Princes and States in Amity with Us."

His seizures having been finally condemned, the document goes on to say: "It shall and may be lawful for the said John Lawton to sell and dispose of such Ships, Vessels, and Goods so finally adjudged and condemned in such sort and manner as by the course of Admiralty hath been accustomed."

But it is stipulated that Mr. Lawton must "keep an exact journal of the proceedings and therein take notice of all prizes which shall be taken by him, the nature of such prizes, and the times and places of their being taken and the values of them as near as he can judge." Besides that, he is to take notice of the "Stations Motions, and Strength of the French as well as he or his mariners can discover by the best intelligence he can get, and also of whatsoever else shall occur to him or any of his Officers or Mariners or be discovered or declared unto him or found out by Examination or Conference with any other Mariners or Passengers of or in any of the Ships taken."

Finally, the recipient of the letter of marque in question was to see "that nothing be done by the said John Lawton or any of his Officers, Mariners, and Company contrary to the true meaning of Our Instructions, but that the said Instructions shall by them and each and every one of them as are concerned in all particulars be well and truly performed and observed."

"How to Treat Your Wife." You haven't one, eh? Well, you may have soon. Anyhow, see what this week's HOME NOTES has to say.



MEN WHO HAVE BEEN REPORTED DEAD, BUT WHO HAVE TURNED UP TO ASTONISH THEIR FRIENDS.

THE recent incident of the reappearance of about two score Highlanders, who had been reported among the killed, recalls several similar instances of past times. In civil life the appearance among his friends of a man supposed to be dead is not very uncommon, but the vicissitudes of warfare render such cases very much more frequent among soldiers.

During the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877-8 several resurrections of the kind were reported from both countries, but the most singular was that of a Russian nobleman—a young man of about twenty-five—who had distinguished himself in several engagements, and notably in Skobeleff's attack on Plevna.

He led a party of men to the attack at a point which had seemed vulnerable, and he appeared to bear a charmed life, remaining unscathed in the midst of a hail of bullets while his men were dropping around him.

When the battle was over he was nowhere to be seen, and in view of the part he had played it was very naturally concluded that he had fallen and was lying amongst the heaps of bodies of the heroic men who perished in the attack. His death was reported to his relatives and he was mourned as lost; but within a few weeks of the conclusion of the war he reappeared. He had been taken prisoner by the Turkish soldiers and kept in Plevna; on the capitulation of the place he had marched out with the Turks and had fallen into the hands of the Roumanians, who had held him as a renegade. He only

ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE

owing to the kindness of a Roumanian officer.

More recently, in the Spanish-American War, a young American sergeant was given up for lost; he had taken a very prominent part in one of the battles in Cuba and was seen to fall in the thick of the fray. After the battle, when the dead and wounded were collected, he was apparently found with part of his face torn away by a shot.

He was buried with the rest of the dead, and his name was included in the list of the killed that went home from the commanding officer. His relatives received a shock one day after the war when he suddenly and unexpectedly presented himself to them alive and well.

It turned out that he had been wounded, but had contrived to crawl aside and lie down in some bushes. There he fainted, and when the ambulance went round he was not noticed. When he regained consciousness his comrades had moved to another point. He succeeded in making his way to the house of a Spaniard, who was good enough to take care of him; but as this friendly enemy would probably have been executed had his kindly action become known, the American had to lie very quiet for a time until his wound was sufficiently healed, and then his love of fighting caused him to wander away and join the Cuban insurgents. With them he remained, unable to rejoin his own people, until the cessation of hostilities.

During the Napoleonic war such instances, as may be imagined, were frequent. During the ill-starred attempt to crush Russia, and especially after the terrible retreat from Moscow, many of the soldiers of the Little Corporal were reported dead, but

STRAGGLED BACK INTO FRANCE

to turn the grief of their relatives into joy.

The revulsion of feeling caused by seeing the forms of the loved ones darken the doors of their homes was in some cases so great that death resulted, and it became the soldier's turn to grieve.

It is not generally known that the great Napoleon himself was once reported dead. During a sanguinary engagement with the Russians the great commander was suddenly missed by the officers of his staff. Night fell, and the fighting continued intermittently, but Napoleon was still nowhere to be found. The officers kept the matter secret, as they knew that the effect would be demoralising to the soldiers, but they dreaded the result if he did not re-appear before dawn, when there was no doubt that the fighting would become fierce again. As the night wore on their conjectures that he had been killed by a stray bullet while indulging in his habit of walking to another part of the field by himself settled into conviction. With the help of trustworthy men, they made a search for his body, but without success. In this state of mind the staff officers passed the night, and anxiously awaited the dawn.

With daylight furious fighting was again resumed, but the rumour had got about that the Emperor was killed, and the men began to show signs of demoralisation which the officers feared. A panic seemed imminent. Just at the critical moment the Emperor appeared on his white charger; it seemed that he had wandered away by himself to made a survey and had lost himself. He had been obliged to keep quiet during the night lest he should fall into the hands of the enemy.

A British officer engaged in the Peninsular War had a strange experience. He was wounded and taken prisoner by the French at Vimiera; he was taken into France and imprisoned there, and for reasons which it is difficult to understand, he remained in prison for fifteen years, not being liberated until after Napoleon had been sent to St. Helena. Of course, his relatives believed him dead, and when he arrived in England he found that his mother had died during his confinement and that his property had been divided. It was no easy matter for him to establish his identity, especially as his outward appearance had been considerably altered by his long imprisonment, but after a time he was able to prove beyond a doubt that he was himself and not an impostor. He was welcomed as a hero, and his property was returned to him.

In one of the battles of the Austro-German campaign of 1866 a German sergeant was numbered among the slain; there seemed to be no possible doubt about the matter, for one of his men swore to the identity of

THE BLOOD-STAINED BODY.

At the conclusion of the war, he re-appeared in the Prussian village where his parents lived, and so great was the shock to his mother that she fell ill and her life was despaired of for several days. Upon investigation, it was discovered that the sergeant had been taken prisoner, and that the man who was killed was a sergeant in another company, and that there was a striking resemblance between the two. But joy for one family meant sorrow for another, for the dead man's family believed him to be a prisoner, and were eagerly looking forward to his return.

The nearest approach to a resurrection which has come under our notice is that of a German soldier after the terrible battle of Gravelotte. This young fellow was very severely wounded, and in the hurried examination on the battlefield he was declared by the army doctor to be dead. When the trenches had been dug for burying the killed, the body of the young soldier was kept aside by a comrade who formed one of the burying party; this was done as an act of brotherly love, for the comrade could not endure the thought of his friend's body being undermost, and wished to arrange so that it might be the last to be placed in the trench.

The earth was filled in, but the comrade only shovelled it lightly over his friend's body. A couple of hours later the sorrowing soldier went back to the trench, impelled by some indefinable feeling, and threw aside the earth from the body of his friend. To his dismay and subsequent joy, he

DETECTED SIGNS OF LIFE.

The report of the young man's death reached his home one day, and was contradicted forty-eight hours afterwards.

For a cruel instance of reported death and rapid contradiction, we have only to turn to the present campaign in South Africa. The family of a sergeant in the Dragoon Guards received a letter from the War Office to the effect that the sergeant had been killed in action on December 14th, and the official letter expressed, in the usual stereotyped form, the sympathy of the Secretary of State for War at the death of a brave soldier. After this official document had been drawn up the War Office received the information that the sergeant was not dead, but a prisoner, and that he was wounded, but doing well. Instead of tearing up the letter, the officials added the more recent information as a postscript, and sent it to the relatives.

The feelings of the poor people on reading the letter and its postscript, and their admiration for War Office methods, may be left to the imagination of our readers.

Major Coventry, who took part in the Jameson affair, was at first reported killed; the Earl and Countess of Coventry were about to hold a funeral service, when they received news that their son was alive, but wounded. Major Coventry afterwards stood his trial with Dr. Jameson; he was married to an American lady a few weeks ago.

KIND PARTY: "If I give you this penny, what will you do with it?"

Tatters (sarcastically): "I'll be honest with you, guv'nor. I'll spend it in riotous living."

THE GOAT: "About ten to-night the girl in the house opposite will elope with the milkman."

The Bulldog: "How do you know all this?"

The Goat: "Well, since I swallowed his note I have inside information."

DICK: "Yes, you see, I'm in no end of a fix. I would never have proposed if I'd had the least idea that she would accept me; but she did."

Jack: "Well, just propose again, as if you had forgotten. That ought to make her angry enough to refuse you."

MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

IT is well known that the Church of England has, in Dr. Maclagan, an Archbishop who spent his early career as a soldier, but it is not so generally known that CARDINAL VAUGHAN, who celebrates his sixty-eighth birthday on April 15th, was, before he became a Catholic priest, an officer in the British Life Guards. His father was Lieut.-Colonel Vaughan, and the Cardinal is one of a family of seven brothers who have all entered the priesthood of the Catholic Church. In addition, four of his sisters became nuns.

It may be confidently asserted that the present operations in South Africa will be watched with considerable interest by GENERAL SIR JULIUS R. GLYN, who becomes seventy-six years old on April 15th. So far back as 1848 Sir Julius served under Sir Harry Smith, who defeated and drove the Boers across the Vaal. In the Crimean War the veteran served with the famous Rifle Brigade, and was present at Alma and Inkerman. In these engagements, the Rifles won no fewer than eight Victoria Crosses. As major, Sir Julius also fought with the Rifles in the Indian Mutiny.

The birthday of MISS NELLIE FARREN (Mrs. Robert Soutar), on April 17th, recalls the personality of the most charming burlesque actress of her time. She has never appeared on the stage since being struck down by illness eight or nine years ago. Miss Farren's fame dates from 1868, when she appeared at the opening performance of the Gaiety Theatre. Mr. John Hollingshead was the manager, and he is uncommonly proud of the fact that Miss Farren, in spite of many tempting offers from others, remained with him the whole eighteen years that he was at the Gaiety.

Easter Monday, April 16th, will be the occasion of the eighty-fourth birthday of SIR ALBERT W. WOODS, who, like his father before him, holds the position of Garter King of Arms. It is whispered that Sir Albert has a difficulty about sounding his aspirates—surely not an uncommon failing. One of the stories told about him relates to the introduction of new peers to the House of Lords, when Sir Albert acts the part of mentor. When the Lord Chancellor raises his hat, the Garter King of Arms says, "Take off your 'ats, my Lords."

The only peer who won a Victoria Cross in the Crimean War is LORD WANTAGE, who celebrates his sixty-eighth birthday on April 17th. His lordship is the only survivor of the four gallant men who rallied the retiring 1st Scots Guards at the Alma. He was then Lieut. R. J. Lindsay, and, bearing the Queen's colours amidst a hail of bullets, he led a bayonet charge of the steadied regiment which won the Alma for Old England. Lord Wantage was among the sixty-two heroes who received the V.C., on its foundation, from the Queen in Hyde Park on June 26th, 1857.

THE RIGHT REV. EDMUND HOBHOUSE, retired Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, completes his eighty-third year on Tuesday. When he was at Balliol College he rowed for four years in the college boat, twice (in 1836-37) as stroke. The Doctor was a Colonial bishop from 1858 to 1866, and he can tell many incidents of his term in that part of the world. He was once marrying a couple, when the all-important ring was found to be too tight. There was a slight pause, till someone in the crowd bawled out, presumably to the happy bridegroom: "Suck her finger, old chap!"

Preaching peers are not now uncommon, but there is a certain interest attached to the case of LORD STAMFORD, who celebrates his fiftieth birthday on April 18th. His lordship is one of the licensed lay preachers for the Diocese of London, and before succeeding his uncle in the earldom in 1890, held a professorship in the Barbados college, West Indies. His father was a parson, and his mother was the daughter of a parson, while he himself has married the daughter of a clergyman. The earldom dates from 1628, the reign of Charles I.

Though the eleventh EARL OF SEAFIELD, who becomes twenty-four years old on Wednesday, is head of the once famous Grant clan of Scotland, he has lived all his life and was born in New Zealand. The eighth Earl left all his estates to his mother, Caroline Lady Seafield, who is now living; and it is a fact that the present peer's father, the tenth Earl, had to work, in New Zealand, as an auctioneer's clerk at a few shillings weekly! It is expected, however, that the estates will revert, in due course, to the young Earl. There are no fewer than four Lady Seafields living, the wives respectively of the seventh, ninth, tenth, and eleventh Earls.

LORD FITZHARDINGE, who completes his seventieth year on April 19th, is only the third holder of the title, but he is a descendant of the Berkeley family, one of the oldest in England. It was at Berkeley Castle, his Gloucestershire seat, that Edward II. was murdered on September 21st, 1327, and visitors can still see the rooms where the tragedy occurred. It is curious that, like the present Earl of Berkeley, Lord Fitzhardinge has no heir. Thus one of England's most ancient families is on the point of extinction.

Prizes are offered each week in the competitions in SHORT STORIES.

"P.W." Magazine Supplement.

THE ARMY

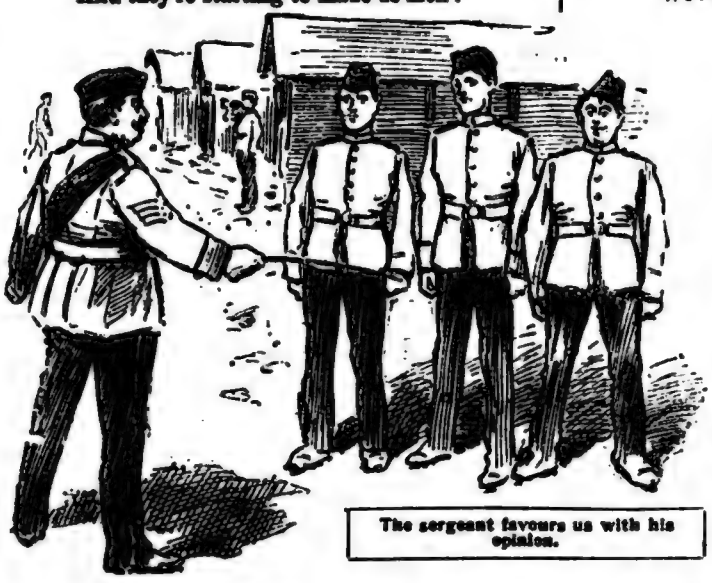
Here's three cheers for the Army!
Here's kind regards to the Army!
Here's the froth off to the Ar-ar-my!
Where they manufacture men!

They catch us from the counting house, they call us from the club;
It doesn't matter if we're sweep or swell;
They pull us from the Palace, they drag us from the pub,
And for just two pins they'd pull us from the "Well."
It's all one price for marquises or milkmen,
A navvy is as welcome as a nob;
They don't fret about our stations if we fit the regulations,
And we look the likely Johnnies for the job.

Which is work, and that don't worry us;
Which is war, and that's good luck;
It's drum and drilling, or it's cut and killing,
And it's all of it healthy for the pluck.
We come to the Army all sorts;
They bounce us a bob, and then
We wash our hands and faces, and we're pulling up our braces,
And they've started to make us men!

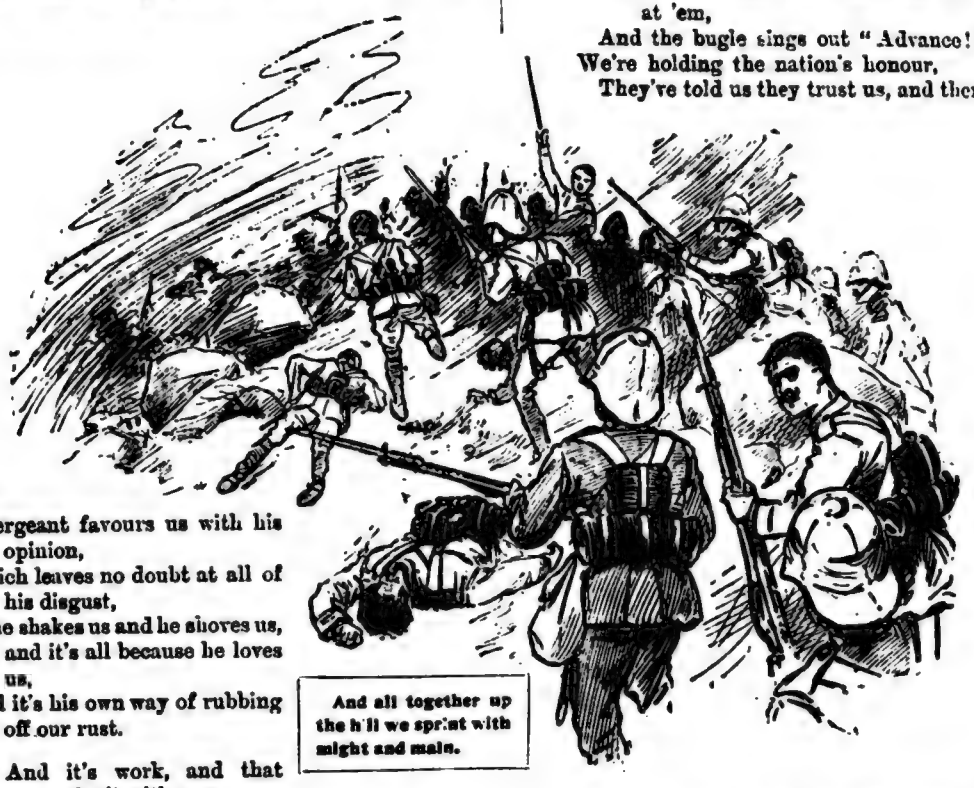
It's a blue-blooded viscount, or a lean and lanky clerk,
From Belgravia, or dismal Bethnal Green;
It's an outcast from the pavement, or a dooky from the park,
We all come rolling in to serve the Queen.
They size us up with an impartial eyelid,
And the way we're stripped, they can't tell who from him;
But they run the foot-rule round us, and they come and punch and pound us,
To let us know we're sound in wind and limb.

Then it's work, and that don't weaken us;
Or it's war, and that's all right;
It's pipeclay-claying, or it's hip-hurrahing,
And they both keep our stomachs tight.
We get to the Army all ways,
They take us in hand, and then
To attention we are dressing, and we've done with fuss and messing,
And they're starting to make us men!



The sergeant favours us with his opinion.

It makes no earthly difference if you wore a guinea tile,
Or if you carried mortar in a hod;
We all come up together in the "'ump and ugly" file,
All double-shuffling in the awkward squad.



And all together up the hill we sprint with might and main.

The sergeant favours us with his opinion,
Which leaves no doubt at all of his disgust,
And he shakes us and he shoves us, and it's all because he loves us,
And it's his own way of rubbing off our rust.

And it's work, and that don't wither us;
And it's war, and that's our pride;
It's bull's-eye-eyeing, or it's flags a-flying,
And it all keeps us occupied.
We're in the Army, anyhow,
They do us well, and then
They put us into working, and there's no excuse for shirking,
For they're moulding us into men!

We blossom into bloaters, with a high and haughty smile,
And when we walk abroad we fill the street;
You can hear our heels a-tapping at a distance of a mile,
It's the way they've told us how to plant our feet.
We keep our backbone straight, and hold our heads up,
We're most particular to soap our hair;
We glow with manly beauty, it's a portion of our duty,
And we owe it to the uniform we wear.

When it's work, well, we won't wince at it;
When it's war, you'll find us fit,
Whether Maudie-mashing, or old Kruger smashing,
You see we can manage it.
We represent the Army now,
We're doing our whack, and when
They're wanting us ready, they find us all steady,
They've more than half made us men!

We take lessons in obedience, to do just as we're told,
We do it cheerful, and we do it quick;
We're trained to turn out smiling, in the wet or in the cold,
And we keep the reg'ment's record up-to-Dick.
And when they're sure we're zealous and efficient,
They arrange to put us to the proper test;
When there's foreign complications, and final declarations,
And this is where we show up at our best.

And it's work, the Thing we've been waiting for;
Red War, the true man's chance;
And it's down and drat 'em, and it's up and at 'em,
And the bugle sings out "Advance!"
We're holding the nation's honour,
They've told us they trust us, and then
With pride we're flushing, and on we're rushing,
And the Army has made us men!

And now we're in the thick of it, with cut and come again,
Fixed bayonets dislodging hidden shot;
And all together up the hill we sprint with might and main,
And some of us get through—and some do not.
But we have orders and must still press forward,
Till we drop to earth and stifle up a cry,
It's no time for fuss or fooling, and we don't forget our schooling,
We have learnt to live—and now we learn to die.

It's our work, and we won't whine at it,
It's war, and all that means
It's the soldier's story, and that's Death or Glory.
And our life is our country's and Queen's.

And we mustn't shame the Army,
They have taught us our duty,
And when they send us to it! By Heaven! yes, we'll do it!
For they have made us into men!

ALFRED SLADE.

X Rays on the Battlefield. Illustrated with unique photos straight from the front. See the new number of the ROYAL just out.

A MALAY'S REVENGE.

By Frederick G. Engelbach.

IT was a wild winter's afternoon, and the warders' mess was crowded. Without, the south-easterly gale drove the rain in great banks of driving mist over the treeless wastes of Dartmoor. Even the interior of the stoutly built prison seemed damp, so strenuous was the force of the rain against the weather-beaten walls.

"I say, you fellows!" exclaimed Warder Dixon, "do any of you know where the Governor's housemaid was off to this morning?"

"Which one?" asked Jones; "Annetta Pragh, or the Cornish girl?"

"The cook's daughter, Annetta Pragh," replied Dixon. "I saw her this morning as I was out with number four working party; she drove by us in the 'Duchy' dogcart, muffled up to the eyes, and looked quite scared when I lifted my hand to give her a salute. A smart girl too."

"Which way was she going, Dixon?" asked another.

"Towards Tavistock. The odd part of it is, I was chatting with her yesterday, and she didn't say she was leaving. I must ask old Pragh."

"You'd better ask the chief warder," said Jones, with a grin that made his naturally ugly face hideous.

"What! Harvey? Get out, Jones, you want kicking! Why, she's only eighteen, and the daughter of a Malay cook, whilst he's chief warder of this prison, and forty-five to boot."

"I don't care if he's sixty-five," retorted Jones, eager to justify himself, "he's been sweet on the girl for months, and now he is going to leave he'll marry her, d'yer see?"

"Well, there'll be a vacancy for a chief warder, then, in a few days." Dixon's face was grave, and the other men wondered at it, for he was next on the roster for promotion.

"Yes, and that'll be a death vacancy," he continued.

"What!" exclaimed several, crowding in upon him.

"If that Malay cook finds out who has taken away the girl, he will get his revenge, mark my words. He won't cry his trouble aloud, that isn't his way, but his kriss will speak for him." Dixon dropped his voice as he spoke.

"But I say, Dixon—you ought to warn——"

"Hush!" the door had opened whilst they were talking, and the chief warder stood amongst them. He was an enormous man, with a heavy, unintellectual-looking face, and the prisoners feared him—the Governor feared him, and so did the warders.

"Who's Dixon to warn, eh?" he asked, as he rolled into the room, his small, pig-like eyes glancing quickly from one man to the other.

"You, Harvey!" said Dixon.

"Why, in Heaven's name?" exclaimed the astonished man.

"Because Annetta Pragh left this morning for Tavistock, and you go on leave on Tuesday next!" boldly replied his junior, whilst the rest said nothing.

Harvey's cheeks grew purple, and then the colour faded from them until every injected capillary on the surface was clearly outlined.

"What the dickens do you mean, Dixon?" he stormed in fury.

"I merely said that when the Malay finds his girl has disappeared, he will try to discover who is next going on leave and then that person will require warning."

"But who has dared to mix my name up in this matter?" muttered Harvey, glaring at Dixon.

"No one! The fact is we have all been foolish," soothingly replied the junior. "The girl has been so bright and lively that we have spoilt her. But her father won't reason where she is concerned, and that's why we thought you ought to be warned."

One by one the men were slipping away, eager to leave the task of belling the cat to someone other than themselves. Seeing this Harvey stood with his back to the door.

"Not a man stirs out until I know who started this foul slander. Dixon, who was it?"

Suddenly there was a shuffling step heard outside, and it dawned upon everyone that the father of the missing girl was coming, perhaps kriss in hand to seek vengeance.

Instinctively the chief warder stood away, and the door was violently thrust open, and a wierd figure entered. There was something irresistibly grotesque in the appearance of the Malay cook, for his lean, brown face was thrown into stronger relief by his snowy dress and cap. His scanty, bristling moustache seemed almost catlike as he glanced fiercely round the crowded room, but the comic aspect did not strike anyone of the burly warders. There was a something in the cold, cruel gaze of the yellow eyes which left no doubt in any man's mind as to the ultimate issue of the affair.

For a moment no one broke the silence, then Harvey swung round exclaiming: "What the dickens do you want here, Pragh? You know you've no right in this part of the prison at all. Get away to your own quarters, and be hanged to you."

"My daughter have leave me," the Malay said slowly, almost spitting out each word; "and I come to find her."

"You silly fool," cried Harvey with a sigh of relief. "You don't think we've hidden her away, do you?" He heartily disliked the man, and had long intended to get rid of him.

"You think because I Governor's cook I nobody," retorted the native, "you think my girl a slave for one of you to take, but understand you all that I am a great chief in my country. When you white men lose your wives and children you go to cadi and he helps you. We from our country have another way—see!" As he spoke he drew from his waist cloth a long wavily-edged kriss, and flashed it in the lamp-light. As the warders saw the weapon they fell back leaving the chief close to the furious man.

"Now Pragh, you've done for yourself," he exclaimed, "put up your knife, for I'm not afraid of it, and come with me to the Governor. I'll see you get a short shrift."

"You not my master," defiantly said the Malay, replacing his kriss.

"No; but as you know my word carries weight. Come on!"

By the sheer force of his courage and will power he had quelled the cook, and, casting a glance of contempt over his shoulder at the other men, he left the room followed by Pragh.

"Whew!" said Dixon, "what pluck the man has. I'll bet he bluffs it all out."

"Yes; but suppose Pragh tells the Governor about his girl?" asked Jones.

"No, he'll say not a word; but I, for one, don't intend for the next few days to go for walks in the evening," said Dixon dryly. "I'd rather face twenty convicts than one savage like Pragh."

An hour later the chief and his junior met in one of the corridors.

"Well—how did Pragh get on?" said Dixon.

"I advised the Governor to turn him out at once, and I've seen him off the prison premises," replied Harvey. "The Major wanted to look over it, but I made a point of the matter, and out he has gone."

"I wish you hadn't done that; he was far safer inside than out, Harvey!"

"Why?"

"Well, he is sure to have a bit of money laid by, and he'll wait and track you when you go—on leave."

The colour again faded from the ruddy cheeks, and Dixon continued laying his hand on his senior's shoulder.

"Ned—we've been good friends, and I'm next for promotion; do let me speak and advise you. If you've had anything to do with that girl's going away, surely it isn't too late to chuck it up. Otherwise, Heaven help you!"

The two men stared at each other, and Harvey forced the lie from his quivering lips.

"I don't know what you mean, Dixon; I know nothing of the girl's whereabouts."

Shrugging his shoulders Dixon passed on.

* * * *

"Hullo, Pragh!" cried the Duchy groom as the Malay was walking aimlessly past the hotel. "Where are you off to? How about the Governor's dinner, eh?"

"I no cook for him," was the answer. "I a gentlemans now. I go," he craftily added, watching the man sidelong as he spoke, "to my daughter."

"Why on earth didn't you go with her this morning to Tavistock?" asked the man. "You could as well have driven, as Chief Warder Harvey paid for the trap. She's a smart girl, Pragh!"

The man turned to his work again without noticing the involuntary twitch of the Malay's face as he heard his suspicions confirmed. Like a restless tiger he paced up and down in the gloom, grinding his teeth and muttering strange oaths. To follow the woman did not occur to him for a moment, for in his eyes she was but doing as her sex have ever done; but to glut his vengeance on the man, he was ready to cheerfully lay down his own life. To feel the keen steel sheer through muscle and sinew, and to know that his enemy's life was welling out, was to his mind the end and aim of his future life.

He had already put off his white suit before leaving the prison, and wore now an old cast-off suit of the Governor's. Over all was a long overcoat reaching down to his feet. The wind whistled round him and the rain dripped down, but he felt nothing save the desire for revenge.

He prowled round the great encircling wall of the gaol gnashing his teeth at the thought that perhaps even now he might be baulked of his prey. Suppose Harvey lay "doggo" in his sanctuary! The thought was agony to the Oriental until an inspiration suddenly flashed across his brain. He would scale the walls, and break into the gaol, and then and there "feed fat his ancient grudge." Cautiously he

"My daughter have leave me," the Malay said slowly, almost spitting out each word "and I come to find her."

PEARSON'S for April adorns the bookstalls. A striking portrait of Lord Kitchener appears on the cover, while some good stories will be found on Lord Kitchener's career in an article by Major Arthur Griffiths.

reconnoitred the position, and at length selected a spot close to the warders' entrance, and abutting on their quarters. The night was dark, and not a living being was abroad who by any possibility could remain at home.

The ten-foot wall reared its lofty height far above his scanty inches, but to a man born and bred in a cane brake this was no obstacle. He drew from his pocket a pair of scissors, and pushed them between two bricks about five feet from the ground, and with them cleared out the mortar so as to make a grip. Below this tiny foothold he dug out another barely three feet from the earth, wide enough for both his feet when placed closely together.

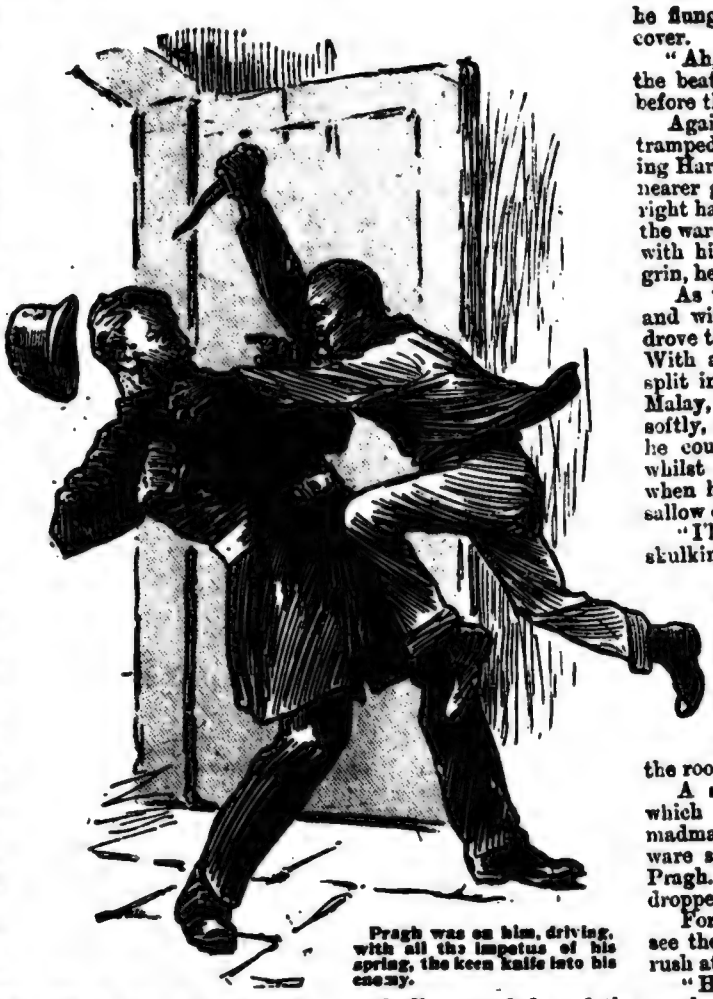
With the scissors between his teeth, he clambered up the wall, clinging convulsively to the upper grip until he had got his toes into the lower one. Then still clinging with one hand to his frail holdfast, he dug out another foothold higher up. Foot by foot he climbed the wall, until he drew himself with triumph to the top. Lying flat on his chest, he watched and listened.

In front of the warders' quarters a man armed with a rifle was sheltering under the portico, wondering when his time would come to be relieved. The savage on the wall watched the sentry, himself invisible in the gloom, whilst the flickering lantern over the entrance to the quarters showed the warder clearly enough.

Noiselessly the Malay slipped off his coat and let it drop to the foot of the wall, in order to deaden the sound of his fall, and then waited. The storm was increasing in violence, and the wind almost shrieked as it swept against the walls. The warder thought he heard a sound of something falling, and stared hard into the darkness.

"Bah! my nerves are on the jump to-night," he muttered, and reviled the lot which made him on duty on such a night. Meanwhile the Malay knew that his victim was within, for by the irony of fate Harvey came to his undoing by his own fault.

Most men would have carefully omitted to notice a sentry sheltering himself on such a wild night, even if they had seen him doing so. Not so Harvey, for ever on the watch for slight breaches of discipline. His eyes fairly glistened at the thought of catching one of his subordinates in the very act; he could scarcely prevent his lips from curling in a smile as he flung open the door, and caught the man under cover.



Pragh was on him, driving, with all the impetus of his spring, the keen knife into his enemy.

"Ah, Shine!" he snarled, "you call this patrolling the beat, do you? Well, I don't, and so up you go before the Governor to-morrow."

Again the door closed and the warder sulkily tramped up and down in the wet, mentally consigning Harvey to the nerthermost regions. Nearer and nearer glided the Malay with his cruel kriss in his right hand. Now he lurked in a black shadow where the warder must turn as he finished his beat, and, with his lips drawn back from his teeth in a hideous grin, he waited for his prey.

As the warder turned he left his back exposed, and without a sound Pragh leaped upon him, and drove the knife home down over the left collar bone. With a low sob the man collapsed, with his heart split in two. Now an all-consuming rage seized the Malay, and he hurried to the door and opened it softly, closing it again behind him. Just beyond he could hear the warders laughing and talking, whilst Harvey's voice sounded above every other when he spoke. Then the blood mounted to his sallow cheek, for he heard Harvey say:

"I'll just look up Shine again. I caught him skulking a while ago."

Glued against the wall the murderer stood crouching, so to speak, for the spring. A great puff of smoke drifted out as the door swung open, and in an instant the deed was done. As the man left the room, and before he could think even, Pragh was on him, driving, with all the impetus of his spring, the keen knife into his enemy.

Then "seeing red" the Malay darted into the room, and began blindly striking left and right.

A scene of horrible confusion ensued, during which some ghastly wounds were inflicted by the madman. Then Dixon jumped for a heavy earthenware spittoon, and hurled it with all his force at Pragh. It caught him at the side of the head, and dropped him like a felled ox.

For a moment Dixon stood still, half expecting to see the Malay spring from the ground and make a rush at him, but there was no movement, and then:

"Heavens!" groaned Dixon, "three men killed, two badly wounded, and the murderer dead, and all for a half-bred girl. I said this is what it would come to. I told him so."

CHEAP MEAT.

By A. H.

In a lunatic asylum in the West of England there lives a man—I don't know whether I should call him a lunatic—who wanted to solve to-day's social question in a very simple way. He wanted to make meat from potatoes. As foolish as the idea seems at first sight, an explanation why he should have dropped upon it can easily be found. Potatoes and lean meat contain, approximately, the same amount of nutriment—namely, 25 per cent.—therefore whoever buys 1lb. of potatoes and 1lb. of beef pays in each case for 12oz. of water, which is contained in both, and which one could obtain very much cheaper from the well. Besides, it does not seem fair at all that one should pay ½d. for 4oz. of nutriment contained in potatoes and 3d. for 4oz. of nutriment contained in beef, because the difference between the nutriment in meat, which is albumen, and that contained in potatoes, which is carbo-hydrates, is only a purely chemical one, which a layman cannot understand until it has been explained to him that albumen is the actual nutriment from which the body cooks, so to say, a substitute for the muscle substances and muscle strength consumed every day by firing with fat and by using the so-called carbo-hydrates as a liquid to mix with.

When one has thus come to understand the importance of albumen as a food, he can understand the difference in the price of eggs compared with milk, meat, or potatoes, and so on, according to the amount of digestible albumen each article of food contains. As far as this goes, that madman was not at all on a false track, because he intended to obtain the albumen from cheap substances.

It is an acknowledged medical fact that a healthy, working person wants about 4oz. of albumen daily. Most foods, whether vegetable or animal, do not contain sufficient albumen; or if they do contain it—as, for instance, is the case with peas, beans, lentils—it is not in a digestible state. While the albumen contained in meat is promptly absorbed by the blood and transformed into muscle substances, almost half of the albumen contained in vegetables, as those above mentioned, is not absorbed and absolutely lost. It is therefore useless, and sometimes causes disarrangements. Besides the quantities of food one would have to take in order to introduce the requisite amount of albumen into the body would be tremendous, if he wanted to live on vegetables only. Take, for instance, the case with peas. One would have to consume at least two and a quarter pounds of dry peas, which, if made into soup, would make about nine pints—quite a small bucketful. With other vegetable substances this is even worse. Take, for instance, the potato. One would have to eat twenty-four pounds in order to introduce the requisite amount of albumen into the body.

It is true, if he only ate potatoes, the cost of his daily meals would only come to about 1s.—that is to say, considerably less than if he wanted to use the albumen contained in beef.

When you consider all this, you will find that the efforts to obtain the necessary four ounces of albumen, which a man wants daily, from potatoes by chemical means, or, to put it into the words of the madman who lived in the asylum, to make meat from potatoes, was not a foolish one.

Albumen is a definite proteid substance containing Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen, Nitrogen, and a small percentage of Sulphur. It will at once be seen how great is the part that albuminous food plays in the proper nourishment of the system. It repairs the waste that is always going on, more especially the muscular waste, and invigorates and strengthens the whole frame. The terrible effects of having too little albumen in the system is exemplified in cases of Albuminuria (a form of Bright's disease). In this deadly complaint the Albumen in the system is carried off by the Kidneys in the urine. The constant drain of Albumen from the body leads to Anæmia (or bloodlessness) which not only produces many unpleasant symptoms, such as a pallid pasty complexion, dry skin, derangement of digestion, flatulence, occasional nausea, irregularity of the bowels, nervous disorder (shown by muscular weakness) langour, lassitude, vague pains about the loins, headache, palpitation and calls to make water during the night; but also tends to cause fatty degeneration of several organs.

It has long been predicted that the more science advances, the greater will be the change in diet. Professor Finkler of the University in Bonn—one of the best-known authorities in dietetic matters—was one of the first to realise the great importance of albumen as a food, specially for invalids. He introduced a natural pure albumen, prepared after his method from animal and vegetable substances, under the name of "Tropon," at the lecture he held at the Nineteenth International Congress of Hygiene in Madrid, and exhaustive experiments which have since been made in many hospitals and sanatoriums, have proved that Tropon is the ideal food and the food of the future.

Tropon is tasteless, is not soluble in water. The tastelessness of Tropon is a great boon to the patient wife, the devoted mother, and all those who privately, or professionally are attending on invalids. Owing to this fact Tropon may be administered without the knowledge of the poor suffering, but, may be, querulous and fanciful patient or convalescent. Tropon may be inserted in soup, cocoa, coffee, may be beaten up with the yolk of an egg, or taken in wine or milk. Thus the patient is wooed back to health and strength, blissfully ignorant of the fact that he has been taking anything beyond the harmless cup of cocoa, or the innocent basin of soup. How many arguments and how much time and trouble is thus avoided. Tropon is the cheapest pure Albumen on the market. It is a remarkable fact, that while Tropon slightly increases the flow of urine, it distinctly decreases the amount of uric acid in the urine. It is therefore certain that less uric acid is generated in the system. This is a fact of great importance for those suffering from rheumatism and gout.

The muscular wasting that always accompanies this scourge of the Anglo-Saxon race, points it out more especially as a disease in which the use of Albumen is of incalculable benefit. Tropon has been used with the greatest success, and except in the most hopeless cases is generally followed by increase of weight and strength. The difficulty of preparing a proper food for a phthisical patient is well known. As a rule they greatly dislike meat and milk. Now when it comes to be understood that one pound of Tropon is equal to five pounds of the best beef in nourishing power, it will at once be realised how great is the power of Tropon to battle with this fell disease.

Do not fall into the common error that the stout man is strong. Above all, remember that in both Obesity and Diabetes (known by excess of sugar in the urine), specific changes of the constituents of the blood occur, and the increase of the amount of Albumen taken becomes a therapeutical necessity. Tropon biscuits and chocolate are made, and are particularly suitable for children and invalids. They are in no way different from ordinary biscuits or chocolate in taste or appearance. Nervous and weakly women will find the Tropon biscuits and chocolates taken between meals most sustaining and stimulating. They will be found to ward off those attacks of faintness and sinking, experienced by all those who are unable to take a sufficient amount of nourishment.

Tropon is sold by all well-known chemists in England, or can be obtained from the Sole Agents, ARTHUR REINER & CO., Dashwood House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

A VILLAGE IN A HOUSE.

Where People Live Five to Every Room.

PROBABLY the most momentous, and certainly the most pitiful, fact in the history of the wonderful century that is now closing, is the silent but stupendous exodus of the indigent poor from the country into the towns—an exodus compared to which the greatest historical migrations sink into insignificance, an exodus not confined to our own and other densely-peopled countries, but going on also in under-populated colonies and states all over the world.

In our own country this ceaseless drifting into the towns of the rural population is assuming such terrible proportions, that county councils and municipalities are at their wit's end to devise any adequate remedy for the consequent overcrowding in the poorer districts. But of what use are the most heroic efforts to uplift the submerged tenth in our great towns, to build, as the London County Council is about to do, villages on the outskirts at termini of tram-lines, and facilitate removal from the crowded town centres to them, if the place of those removed is almost immediately filled up by more indigent and helpless poor from the country.

England's town population is increasing each decade by 15 to 20 per cent.—the rural population, where not actually decreasing, by only 3 or at most 5 per cent., thus proving that the exodus is no mere passing drift, but a steady flow, ever growing stronger. The gain to the towns means decay and depletion to the country districts, and further, the movement is not mainly noticeable in the immediate neighbourhoods of the big towns, but is, alas, all too evident in the most remote agricultural districts.

The reason for this unceasing townward drift is not apparent at first sight.

"If," as Mr. Anderson Graham—a man who has studied the subject at first hand in every county in England—says, "they have low wages, as in Wiltshire, they leave; but if they have high wages, as in Northumberland, they leave also. Where the farms are small, as in the Sleaford division of Lincolnshire, they go away; and in Norfolk, where, as a rule, they are larger, the process of desertion still proceeds."

One of the worst features of the migration is the silence with which it is conducted.

Left to himself the labourer does not grumble or agitate. But he seems imbued with the despairing belief that there is no future for him on the land, and so he quietly lays down his mattock and his hoe and quits it.

Cold and callous statistics tell us that, as the direct and inevitable result of overcrowding, one in every five of the population of London—and the same is no doubt true of all other large towns—dies, or is destined to die, in a hospital, the workhouse, or pauper asylum.

Curiously enough, it is undoubtedly the terror of penury and the workhouse that originally causes thousands of industrious country folk to seek better wages and brighter prospects for themselves and their children in the towns, while the stratum in the towns, which failure and sickness inevitably sinks them to, look to the "house" and the rates as the only provision for old age!

The Medical Officer of Health to the City of London states that, without doubt, overcrowding is the worst of all the unwholesome influences with which the City Fathers have to deal.

It is calculated that not less than 500 cubic feet of air space in living and sleeping rooms are necessary to each individual, and even that requires to be thoroughly changed once every hour. In hospitals, 2,000 or even 2,500 cubic feet are now thought advisable.

The momentous relation between health and fresh air cannot be ignored with impunity either by the individual or the community, and it is obvious that the old, dilapidated, dark, squalid, damp tenements, in which so many thousands of working people are forced to live, packed from floor to ceiling with human beings, are utterly unfit even for the poorest to live in, day in, day out, month after month, year after year, without a chance of betterment.

The state of affairs disclosed by the most recent statistics is inhuman and perilous to disregard. In London alone no fewer than 900,000 persons are living in overcrowded tenements, and of that vast number about 300,000 are huddled together in single room tenements.

It is no uncommon thing to find from five to eight persons occupying a single room, and careful inquiry appears to have proved that close upon 40,000 unfortunate creatures are living five persons in one room.

Here is an item from a recent issue of a London daily paper—a simple statement of an almost incredible fact:

SOMETHING LIKE OVERCROWDING.

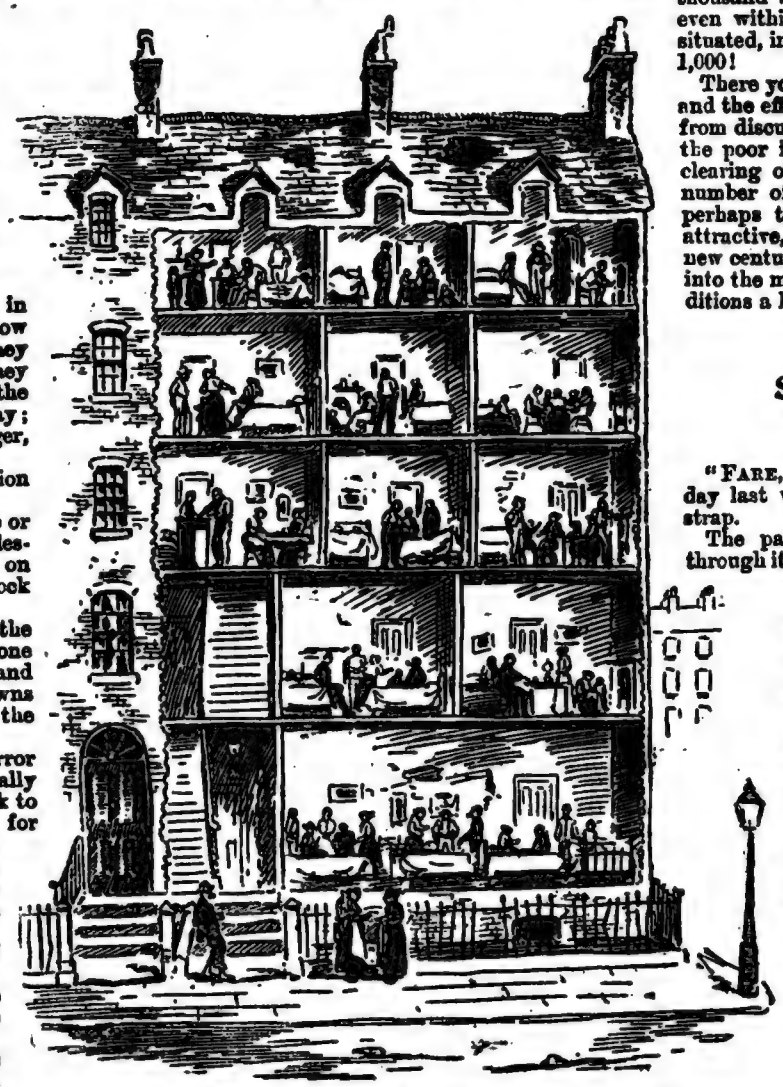
At the meeting of the St. George's-in-the-East Vestry, the sanitary inspector for the western division reported having in a large house found no less than seventy persons living. In a large workroom he found twenty beds so close together that they formed practically one; in a back room were three, five more in the front room, and six in a room over the kitchen.

Small wonder, then, that fatigue poison, produced by physical exhaustion from overwork and lack of sufficient light and fresh air, is rapidly multiplying the already awful number of the unfit, of those incapable of sustained effort, drifting helplessly into idleness and crime.

If such conditions are perpetuated, can we ever hope to speak of the upper million and the lower ten?

Goethe used to say that the common saying: "Numbers rule the world," should be: "Numbers show how the world ought to be ruled." Now, then, for numbers, pure and simple.

According to the latest available returns, although the average number of occupants of each house even in the most crowded parts of London and the provinces does not seem to be excessive, yet, as the bulk of inhabited houses have less than the average number, it follows that the remainder must have many more.



This picture shows how the families of the East-end are overcrowded. In this four-storey house there are seventy people!

For instance, 7,241 houses in Spitalfields contained altogether 74,462 people, an average of ten persons per house. But of the 14,257 tenements with less than five rooms, 4,575 were tenements of one room only, and nearly the same number of two rooms. Of the 4,575 one-room tenements, 1 contained eleven people; 3, ten; 13, nine; 26, eight; 94, seven; 200, six; 382, five; 681, four; 1,011, three; and 1,341, two. Of the 4,167 two-room tenements, 16 contained twelve or more; 17, eleven; 58, ten; 129, nine; 236, eight; 384, seven; 563, six; 672, five; 665, four; 705, three.

In Bethnal Green, 6,500 one-room tenements were found—nearly 1,400 of them had three, 200 had six, and 30 had eight, people in—all living, eating, sleeping and in many cases, working in the one room, more often than not, small, badly-lighted, and worse ventilated.

But these single room tenements are unhappily not confined to London only. The returns show that not only the larger provincial towns but the smaller county towns, and even the villages, abound in single room dwellings. The numbers, briefly, are:

In the South-Eastern Counties, 16,000; in the South-Midland, 7,215; the West-Midland, 8,898; the North-Midland, 1,986; in the Eastern Counties, 5,860; the South-Western Counties, 14,871, the North-Western Counties, 16,625; the Northern Counties, 25,706; Yorkshire, 12,079; while Monmouthshire and the twelve counties of Wales with 5,367 show less single room dwellings than the three Eastern Counties of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk.

So much for figures.

The facts—physical, mental, and moral—may almost be inferred without being stated. The death-rate in the Metropolis increases with remorseless precision in proportion to the density of population, and in the overcrowded areas amounts to double that prevailing in the city as a whole. The sacrifice of infant life attributable to the slums of London is appalling. Out of every thousand born, for instance, in St. Saviour's, Southwark, 230 perish, and in St. Luke's Parish out of every thousand born, 154 die. The average infant mortality, even within the districts in which those parishes are situated, in the one case was 23 and in the other 27 per 1,000!

There you have, in all its livid significance, the cause and the effect. The London County Council is passing from discussion to action in the matter of rehousing all the poor it displaces by street improvements and the clearing of insanitary areas. In the Christmas week number of *P.W.* we gave a short account of what is perhaps the most practical, and certainly is the most attractive, of the various ways in and through which the new century may and will instil new hopes and new life into the many millions who find life under existing conditions a hard and almost a hopeless struggle.

Sympathy Doesn't Pay.

"FARE, please!" said the conductor of a tram, one day last week, to a passenger who was clinging to a strap.

The passenger took out his pocket-book, looked through it, and produced a five pound note.

"It's the smallest I have," he said.

"I can't change it," rejoined the conductor gruffly. "If you expect to ride you ought to be prepared to pay."

"I am prepared to pay. You're not prepared to give change—that's all."

"The company doesn't expect me to change five pound notes. I couldn't do it, anyhow. I haven't five pounds about me."

"Then what's to be done? I've got to ride."

"You've got to pay for it if you do."

"I've offered to pay you."

"And I've told you I can't change that note. You turn out something smaller than that or get off."

"I have told you, my friend, that I haven't anything smaller."

"Then get off."

The conductor reached up to pull the bell-rope.

"Hold on!"

With the fire of honest indignation blazing in his eyes, the man turned to his fellow passengers.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it's a shame to put a man off a car when he has plenty of money to pay his fare and is willing to pay it. If this conductor makes me get off, can I depend on your love of fair play to help me see that justice is done? Just as sure as he puts me off I shall sue the company for damages, and I'll need you for witnesses."

"There's an easier way out of it than that," suggested a sympathetic man in one corner of the car, taking out his purse. "I'll lend you twopence, and it doesn't make any difference whether you ever pay me or not."

"No, no," replied the other, struck by an idea, "but I shall be obliged if you will change my note. Any kind will do."

The sympathetic man in the corner counted out gold and silver coins to the amount of five pounds, handed them over and took the note in exchange. The passenger clinging to the strap paid his fare, rode a little further and got off.

And now the sympathetic man is hunting for him with blood in his eye and something heavy in his right-hand coat pocket. The five pound note was a counterfeit.

Just a line at the bottom of this page to let you know that HOME NOTES is still "on top."

MUSIC IN PICTURES.

Showing the Visions Conjured up by the Imagination When Playing Different Kinds of Music.

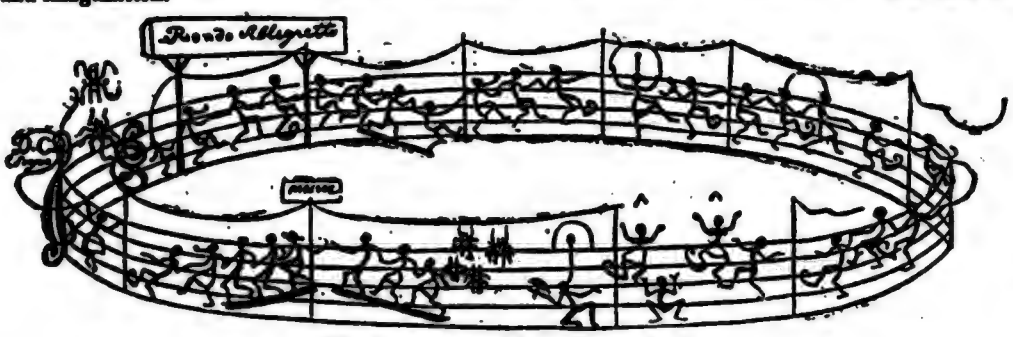
THE individual with a fair amount of imagination—and most of us possess that—can find amusement in a large number of ways, in an easy manner, and at little or no expense, if he sets to work with that object.

Has it ever occurred to you when reading a book to examine the words with a view to discovering, or fancying, that the shapes of the letters or the general configuration of the word has the appearance of the idea or motion which it is intended to represent?

Take the word "laugh" as an instance. There is something about the look of that word—the close formation of the "a," the openness of the "u," and the curls of the "g"—which involuntarily suggest the broad smile.

The sound of the word, too, seems to tell you what it means in a number of cases. Take the word "greasy," and remember that the "s" is sounded like "z," the very heaviness of the sound of the final syllable conjures up in the mind the idea of something sticky, something that makes you look round for a duster.

Music affects us in this way more than anything else. Suppose you suddenly hear a piece of dance music being played on a piano or on a street organ—even on an old-fashioned hurdy-gurdy; no matter what you are doing, your feet begin to agitate and show an almost unconquerable desire to keep time with the music. Even if you are walking, the odds are that your step will be changed from its regular length and time to suit—to some extent, at least—the musical notes. A march, a patriotic song, a plaintive negro melody—they all affect us in their respective fashions and in accordance with our own temperament and imagination.

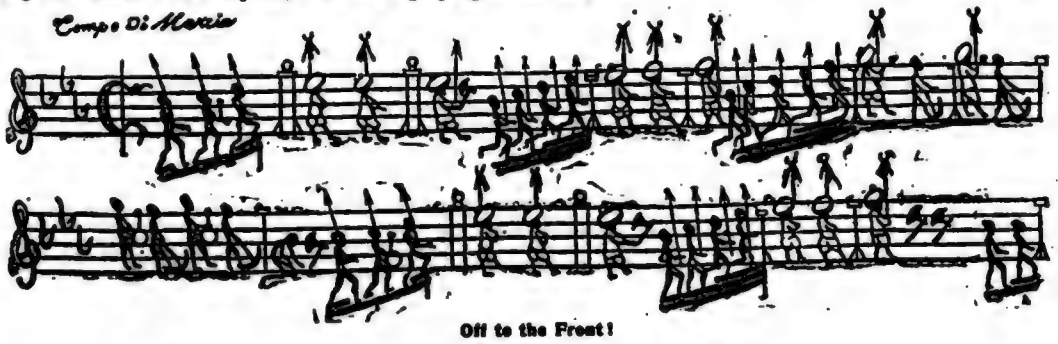


Who would sit out a Rondo Tarantella?

The notes themselves—the black or outlined dots—twisting in and out of the five straight lines suggest many pictures to the imaginative; even the individual who does not understand music and to whom those signs are as puzzling as a page of Greek, can make pictures out of them. He looks at a "run" of quavers, and the notes appear to him like a number of little woolly-headed nigger-boys running upstairs; if there are two "dots" on one "stalk," he may imagine that each of these signs represents one boy riding "pick-a-back" on another.

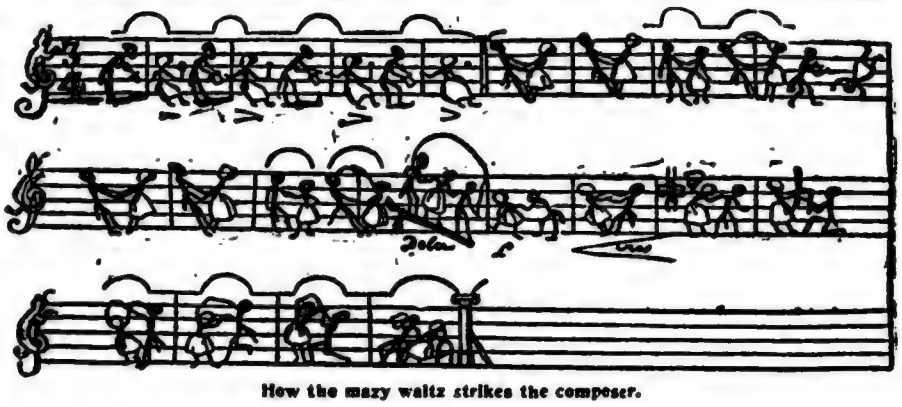
But it is the musician whose fancy has the greatest scope. As the reader forms in his own mind an idea of what the writer tries to convey in a description of scenery or the delineation of a character, so does the player form images as the tones are called into existence under the deft touch of his trained fingers. He can see, mentally, the conception created by the music. The picture thus called forth may differ from that aroused in the composer, or in any other player, by the same tune; but that is a matter of no importance. He sees a picture, and it gladdens or saddens or exhilarates, according to the melody.

Our illustrations will explain this idea; the musical reader can play these illustrations, and he will be amused to find how they correspond with the ideas aroused by the various airs. The top illustration is a waltz, and to play it you must regard the heads of the dancers as notes. The little figures appear to be having a capital time, and the position of the two at the end suggests that they have thoroughly enjoyed it and are glad to have a rest and sit out the next dance. This is merely a suggestion of what the player may imagine; a waltz is a popular dance with everyone, and while playing it one may call



Off to the Front!

up some very funny and clever pictures. The Rondo Tarantella, which our good natured imagination has appropriately arranged in a circle—inspired by the fact that it is a Rondo—may serve as a starting point for quite a large number of similar mental pictures. It makes you think of a happy Christmas party in an old farm-house or country mansion, with a number of merry young people excitedly "footing it" in a spacious room; and then, when the whirling of their bodies has ceased, a retirement with whirling brain to a comfortable seat for rest and refreshment. Look at the flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes! What cruelty it would be to have to sit out a Rondo Tarantella!

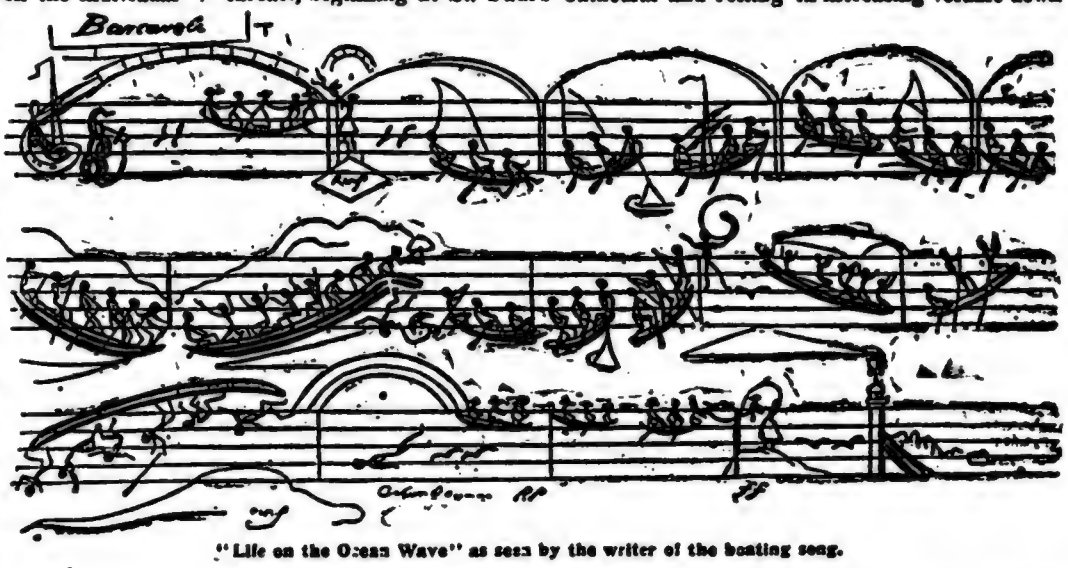


How the mazy waltz strikes the composer.

The kind of melody which we may describe as "the boating song" is another fruitful source of inspiration. It may be "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Nancy Lee," or the old Canadian boat song ("Row Brothers, Row"), or any other that you like to think of; each and all will call up interesting pictures. Our next illustration will show the kind of thing we mean; according to the notes depicted, the voyagers seem to be having a pretty rough time. For it will be clear to everyone that "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and similar songs, may give rise to visions either of smooth sailing or rough weather.

Naturally, march music turns the imagination in another direction. We may picture Tommy Atkins going through the streets of a garrison town in the piping times of peace, or on the way to the docks to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," or marching into, say, Pretoria, to the lively strain of "The British Grenadiers." In the case of this illustration, however, it is an Oriental Military March.

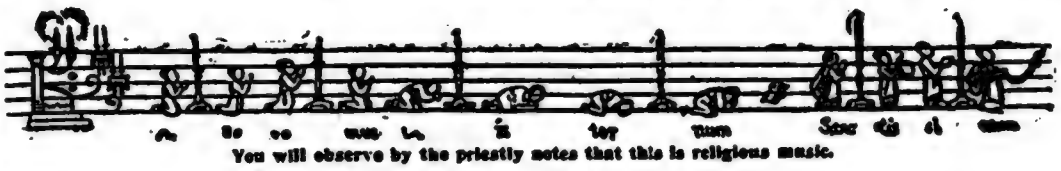
Religious music stirs our inmost beings and leads us to better thoughts and better things. Those who, on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee, heard the "Old Hundredth" peal forth from thousands of throats, beginning at St. Paul's Cathedral and rolling in increasing volume down Ludgate Hill and far away up Fleet Street will never forget the feelings which it evoked.



"Life on the Ocean Wave" as seen by the writer of the boating song.

And then think of "God Save the Queen" being sung by thousands of people at Woolwich the other day as Her Majesty passed through two dense rows of her subjects! Reflect on these things and you will easily understand the grand pictures which will rise before your mental vision when you are playing religious music, if you give free rein to your imagination. Take our final illustration as a base for your wanderings in the realms of fancy; you will observe by the priestly notes that this is religious music.

If you have not already thought of such things, you have a new and profitable field of amusement opened unto you; and if you have thought of them, you will be glad that your views are confirmed and made known to others.



You will observe by the priestly notes that this is religious music.

You will find SHORT STORIES very refreshing after poring over your work all day.

THE HEROIC DRINK OF TROOPER SMITH

A CANADIAN STORY. By BERTRAM A. MARBURGH.

I WAS only a young subaltern in those days, and as fresh in the ways of the Army as it is possible for a young fellow just graduated from college and without any military training to be, and, naturally, I needed someone to form me.

In those far-off times when a man's commission was bought for him, to go through the process of "forming" at the hands of an older, and not always too altogether sympathetic, brother officer was not the easiest of lots, by a long sight, and generally entailed the need of much cool temper, a disposition easily moulded to the reception of many jibes, and oft-times—and I am sorry to record it—a good long purse that admitted of much handling, without thanks, by impecunious gentlemen whose needs naturally far exceeded their incomes.

But it was just my luck not to have to go through either of these difficult roads to gain my early tuition into the practicalities of Army life, and for no other reason than that it appears at the time I had juvenile wisdom sufficient to judge in a small way of human nature; and in trying to do a good turn to a man who happened to be in the company to which I became attached, I found, eventually, that I had incidentally done one for myself.

The man I had singled out for this good turn was a trooper by the name of Smith, also known to the officers and men of the command by the title, "Whisky" Smith, from the amount of that upsetting beverage he could, and did, consume; and the especial service I rendered him was to attach him to myself as personal servant, and then treat him like a man.

His real name, as I afterwards learnt, if given in full, would have read, James Archibald Cunnyngham Smith; and notwithstanding his somewhat ruddy, dissipated look, the moment I set eyes on him I had spotted him for the "gentleman ranker" he was. And it was for this reason I tried to help him.

There was some mysterious talk in the company of a woman being responsible for his come-down in the world, and that his phenomenal thirst and numerous libations were solely to drown the sorrow brought about by unhappy memories of her; but if this was the case, it seemed to me it must have happened a long time before—quite long enough, in fact, for him to have forgotten her, for he was quite a veteran when I first knew him. A unique feature about him was that, whether drunk or sober, he was ever as erect as a ramrod, and as amenable to soldierly discipline as only genuine old soldiers are, and so prompt and punctilious in the obedience of commands as I have never found any other man since who came under me, whether officer or private, and I have always been known as something of a stickler on discipline.

It was he, Smith, who "formed" me; with just a quiet, effective word here and there, such as "Such-and-such an officer used to do this," or "Lieutenant So-and-So always made a practice of doing that!" and his hints were always timely, and never obtrusive.

I know of no better illustration of the heart-whole interest he seemed to take in my welfare than the way he trembled on one occasion when we were out on manœuvres, and for a moment I was caught on what might have proved a very humiliating position.

It seems we were under the eye of the Inspector-General of the Army. Having a platoon who were guarding a waggon train under my command, in the hot mid-day, after having been in the saddle from early morning, I had stopped to have a bite of ration. I stood up and ate it off the tail end of one of the waggons under my care, Smith having arranged the things for me, and as my throat was choked with dust I complained of being dry.

With a habitual drinker's resource, Smith said he knew where he could get some good Irish whisky, and without saying more hurried off. He returned in about five minutes with a cup almost full of the heartening stuff, carefully placed on a saucer, in order to forestall any possible suspicion as to what it really contained.

I put it beside me to take presently—as soon as I had finished the dry mouthful I was then chewing—when who should happen to come around the corner of the waggon but the Inspector-General himself.

"Rather a dry lunch, Lieutenant," he said good-naturedly when he saw me.

"Yessir!" I replied, saluting, and trembling in my boots lest he might do—just what he did do!

He sniffed just for a moment, and then——

"What have you got in the cup?" he asked abruptly.

I confess I should almost have turned tail just then if I hadn't seen Smith standing some yards off with his eyes upon us.

He had actually gone pale, and was trembling so violently in absolute terror as to almost seem comical, and I nearly laughed. But seeing him gave me my nerve again, and without hesitation I replied to the question:

"Tea, sir."

The General picked up the cup, smelt it for a moment, and then turning it up to his lips drank its contents down, every drop; then after luxuriantly wiping his mouth, he remarked:

"Capital tea that, lieutenant!" And then stalked away quite pleased with himself.

Smith managed to brace up enough as the General passed him to salute him properly, and then came over and cleared my things away. He never said a word, and I daresay the satisfied smirk on the General's face showed him how matters stood. But I never forgot the solicitation shown, and I remember it gratefully still. For, notwithstanding its comicality, its sincerity was indisputable.

But all this is aside from what I have to relate, and only goes to show a narrow glimpse of the character of the man who afterwards did what I am sure few other men in this world would have dared to do.

It will sound strange to many of the younger generation as they now look upon the extremely cordial relations existing between England and the United States, to be told that less than thirty-seven years ago both these nations were on the verge of a war that seemed inevitable; that, in fact, England was clamouring for the war, and had already sent Imperial troops across the ocean to Canada to be on the spot whenever operations began. It was all over some silly affair of a Captain Wilkes of the United States Navy stopping a ship flying the British flag on the high seas with his warship the *Trent*, and forcibly taking therefrom three Confederate politicians who were journeying abroad, presumably for the purpose of purchasing ammunition, and securing foreign sympathy for the Southern army.

England came out of the affair with all honour, as did also the United States, the prisoners being wisely given up and returned to British protection. But my regiment had been one of those sent over the intervening three thousand miles to our vast dominion in North America in the meanwhile, and, strange to say, it was here I first learnt the lessons that afterwards stood me so well during my future career in India.

As we were out in Canada by the time matters had been amicably arranged between the two nations, our home government did not seem in any particular hurry to bring us back, and it was not long after we learnt that the War Office was going to profit by the fact of our being there, and orders came that some of us would remain to do garrison duty on some of the lonely western frontiers, and incidentally some exploring into regions that were yet wilderness and almost unknown to the devastating foot of the civilised white man.

In this programme my company was assigned to a newly-erected fort in the wilds of Ontario, and here for months we lived almost the lives of solitary hermits.

It was on a dreary day in February, after we had been there some months, there came an Indian runner into the fort with word that a few young braves of the Chippewas, one of the most peaceful of the western tribes of Indians, had left their camp, and, all on their own, had started out to paint the section of Canada nearest them a gory red in their own little devastating way; and, as the chiefs had no power to stay them, they had sent this messenger to us, so that we might lay the law down to these youthful strayers from the flock, and then return them to the fold before they did any damage.

When questioned as to the number of the young braves who had taken it into their head to be guided by the Evil Spirit, we learnt there were not more than about fifteen; and, for this reason especially, seeing their numbers were so small, did the medicine men and chiefs not want any destruction or crimes committed by them to be laid at the door of the whole tribe.

When asked how many soldiers would be needed to put down these rebellious spirits, the Indian runner opened and closed his hands twice, to signify about twenty, adding that there would be little possibility of fighting taking place, for as soon as the young bucks saw that the pale face soldiers were on their trail they would submit readily enough; they were simply out on a "heap big drunk," but no one, not even themselves, could be answerable for what they might do if long left to their own devices in this condition.

Old Major Mostyn, who was in command of the fort, consulted with some of the settlers and scouts who made a practice of hanging around the fort, and learnt from them that the Indian runner was in good repute, and, as the Chippewas had nothing particular to rise about, in all likelihood his story was true.

The upshot of it all was that, with twenty-five men, I was ordered out to quell this miniature uprising, taking with me as guide, not the Indian runner, but a white scout who knew the direction described, to avoid any possible treachery.

Among the men to accompany me I naturally chose Smith to look after my wants, and a corporal belonging to the medical staff.

The doctor of the regiment recommended him to me, and after a special dinner for the occasion (we were very glad of anything to relieve the monotony of our lives in those days), and the laughing farewells and suggestions as to how to conduct my great campaign from the other officers, he told me the thing I'd have to look out for more than the Indians was the cold, and that I'd better take a lot of whisky with me, which I could drink as I chose, as he had seen that a bottle for medical purposes solely was stowed away in his corporal's saddle bags under lock, and he gave me the key to keep it safe.

I and my twenty-five men started out happy enough, and as our journey was to be just a little over a hundred miles on horseback, we went along at as lively a gait as the snow would permit, and the men began singing to enliven matters a bit.

The first night we built our fires and camped in a hollow somewhat sheltered by the hills surrounding from the fierce north winds that blew, and when rolled up in our blankets, each man being supplied with one of wool and one of rubber, we found the snow neither a hard nor an uncomfortable bed, and in the morning we were up at the very first flush of dawn, and an hour afterwards had had our breakfasts and were in the saddle again.

At about ten o'clock in the morning, as I judged it, there started what gradually grew into a most terrific and blinding snowstorm, and the further we rode the deeper we seemed to get into it, instead of out of it as we hoped. Ere long it did not take much considering on my part to recognise it as the fiercest and most severe storm I had ever seen, even during the months I had been in that country; and as it presently began to grow dark—though it couldn't have been much more than two or half-past two o'clock in the afternoon—acting upon our guide's advice, we began to hunt for some cover where we could camp until the storm had passed, or else there was the danger of our becoming lost. In this event, if it lasted any time, there was every possibility of our all perishing, if not of the cold alone, of the cold aided by starvation, for each man had only about twelve days'

"Capital tea, that lieutenant."

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HERE IS A PUZZLE.

	5	

Every person who solves it will be entitled to participate in our Grand Money Distribution Scheme, in which we are offering £250 in Cash Prizes, and we guarantee that NO PRIZE will be LESS THAN TEN SHILLINGS. Even if you do not care to compete for a money prize you will find the puzzle interesting enough to form a valuable addition to your home circle. It is not necessary to use our printed diagram. The diagram can be roughly made out, and the figures filled in on a sheet of note paper.

The diagram shows nine squares, with the figure 5 occupying the centre square. The puzzle is to place a different figure in each of the remaining eight squares so that on the columns being added the result will be 15 each way. That is to say, each column will add 15 up and down, across each row, and diagonally from corner to corner. You can use the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and can place them exactly as you choose in order to obtain this result, but the figure 5 must not be removed from the centre of the square.

At first sight you may think the puzzle is much simpler than it really is. As a matter of fact, you will find it necessary to think hard and experiment a good deal before you get it correct. But it is very interesting, and is surely well worth trying.

If you succeed in getting the correct answer send on your solution to us, enclosing at the same time Postal Order for 1s. 6d. (and two penny stamps to pay the postage) for one of our beautiful Zambesi Diamond Brooches or Gent's Scarf Pins, on which we make a slight profit, which will help to pay the cost of this advertisement. The Brooches and Pins are fitted with lovely Zambesi Diamonds. These Diamonds are not Nature's production, but are chemically made by a secret process lately discovered, which you have probably read of in the newspapers, and which, at present, are all the rage in the West End of London.

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ASTHMA WHEEZING CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

Box of 25, 2/3 Post Free from WILCOX & Co., 81 Mortimer Street, London, W., or of all Chemists and Stores.

As a safe, Permanent, and Warranted Cure for Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Sores of all kinds, Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, we can with confidence recommend

Clarke's Blood Mixture

It is certainly the finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light, and therefore is a real specific for Rheumatism and Gout. It has stood the test for 30 years, and the thousands of wonderful cures effected by it have stamped it as one of the most extraordinary medicines of modern times. Sold by chemists, &c., throughout the world, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

To the New Reader.

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(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of **£1,000**—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 83 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

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The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

N.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

BOTH TYRES PUNCTURED.

If lives were rated as ships are rated, how many would be registered as "A1" at Lloyds? Mighty few, let me tell you. Hardly one in a hundred. Ask the life insurance experts how many people they meet with who are sound and all right from top to toe. Why, if they didn't accept applicants more or less unsound there would be small show of business in that line. Most of us are bicycles, with some part of the gear gone wrong, and plenty of folk pedal along through the world with both tyres punctured. A slow, heavy sort of progress, but the best they can do.

Here are two women who dragged on this fashion for twenty years; a thick slice to cut out of the thin average of a human sojourn here below—twenty years it was in each case. They are strangers to each other, but, wholly unwittingly, they say substantially the same thing. How many more like them do you suppose there are in England? Enough to fill Hyde Park with the saddest multitude you ever set eyes on.

Why don't they get well? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no medicine in this enlightened country to cure them? You hunt about for an answer to that question while I set down the facts as plain and short as I know how.

"For over twenty years," says Mrs. Charlotte Dennis, "I was miserable from indigestion and the weakness that always goes with it. In all that time I don't believe I ate a single hearty meal. It was simply impossible. If I had been worth a million pounds, with all the luxuries of the earth at my command, I should have been half starved just the same.

"My appetite was hardly fit to call by that name. What little food I took did not give me any strength to speak of, and, after eating, I had a sense of weight and coldness of the stomach, pain at the chest, and an uneasy feeling around the heart.

"Finally my left side came to have no sensation in it, and I would occasionally fall down as though from want of support there. All this made me nervous, so that I slept by rolls, and seldom had anything like what may be called a night's rest. In the morning I arose tired and flagged, and in no condition for work or anything.

"As the complaint took more of a hold on me I grew weaker and weaker, and my legs and ankles commenced to swell, as if with dropsy. For months together I was confined to my bed. I was treated by doctor after doctor, and spent many pounds in physic; but I might better have let it alone and saved my money, for no good came of it.

"At last Mr. John Whitworth advised me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, and it soon relieved me. My food agreed with me, and I gained strength, and in a few weeks the trouble went away altogether, and I have been a well woman ever since."—(Mrs.) Charlotte Dennis, Cross Lane, Measham, June 7th, 1899.

The same experience is related by the other woman. She adds that her breathing was so bad that she could not lie down on her bed at night, but had to be propped up with pillows:

"In time I became thin to the point of emaciation.

"There were periods of months continuously in which I was not able to do anything. Year after year this was the wretched life I led. There was but small comfort in it at best, and no happiness at all. I look back upon it now as one looks upon a nightmare dream, or as a traveller looks upon a time when he was lost in the wilderness and only escaped with his life.

"At last the knowledge came that led me to the remedy. Somebody who called at our house left a small book that had in it accounts of people who had been cured of the same complaint that ailed me by Mother Seigel's Syrup. Merely *hoping* there might be truth in these stories, though not really believing them, I bought the syrup and began using it.

"From that day I improved, and it wasn't long before I was confident this was the medicine that was going to cure me. It seems like asking you to believe a good deal, after you consider how long and badly I was ill, but it *did* cure me, and I have enjoyed good health ever since, and you are welcome to tell the whole nation of it."—(Mrs.) M. Jones, Canol Llan, Eglwysbach, N. Wales, R.S.O., August 9th, 1899.

Among people like these Mother Seigel's Syrup has been doing a great and good work for thirty years past. A host beyond counting bless the day when they first heard of it. Yes, and every soul of them is helping us tell the news to the rest.

Thirty Years' Unbroken Success

In curing Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Biliousness, and other complaints, which are as common as they are hard to bear, has won for

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

a good name in

572,000 BRITISH HOUSEHOLDS.

When illness comes they turn to the remedy whereon Experience has taught them to rely. And they are never disappointed. It is a NATURAL TONIC, extracted from RARE ROOTS AND HERBS.

rations with him, and, when one is lost in these regions, there is no trail to mark the way back to any settlement, only long, even stretches of white, white snow, and villages hundreds of miles apart.

After we had goaded our poor tired horses on for nearly another hour, seeking some sort of shelter from the wind, such as trees or a hollow in all directions, unsuccessfully, we decided we'd have to rest awhile, and then set out on our quest again.

The label read: "Poison. Prussic Acid."

It would not do for one or two of the men to try to find such a refuge alone, for once they started out, the chances were they would never find their way back again, so the only possible thing for us to do was to keep on together.

After about an hour's rest we started out again, this time leading our horses, until we were weary once more, when we rested again; and I think we must have continued this all night long, and almost half into the next day before we found ourselves in a narrow gully that, though not deep enough to afford much protection, had to answer our purpose under the circumstances; and, indeed, we were glad enough to have found this, for the winds were terribly biting; and here I decided we should sit hard until the snow ceased to fall, and we should be able to see our way again.

The men and horses were terribly knocked up; they had had no real rest for fully thirty-six hours, and were so genuinely tired that some of the men were careless of the manner in which they wrapped themselves up when they lay down to sleep, and in the morning it was found that one had frozen to death during the night.

We became more careful after this, but the horses suffered most.

The storm lasted seven days, an unusually long time even for those parts, and at the end of that time my force was reduced to twenty-one men, four having died; and of our horses only half the original number remained.

It now having cleared, the predicament we had most dreaded was realised, for, after seeking for nearly ten hours for some familiar landmark unsuccessfully, our guide informed me we were lost!

How shall I describe the following five days? We journeyed this way and that, always according to systems, but always also without bringing us within sight of any civilisation. I had lost two more men, and then came what I shall never forget, the dreadful fifth day!

Five of us who were left woke in the morning to find our limbs frozen stiff, quite unable to budge either hand or foot further on the journey; and I was among the five.

Now, up to this time, whenever whisky had been needed to help any man through, we had drawn on the stocks we individually carried, each man, even down to Smith, realising through the stern tutorship of the experience we were undergoing how precious was every drop; and they had used it only under the direst necessity. But this morning it was all gone, every drop, and I knew we'd have to resort to the bottle the doctor told me I should find locked in his corporal's saddle-bag.

I had never mentioned this for fear that the knowledge of reserve might tempt the men to extravagance with their own; but now its use had become imperative, and in the hoarse, feeble tones left me, packed almost up to my neck in snow to thaw out gradually, I ordered the men to dig me out so that the corporal could take the key from my pocket.

This done, I was packed in again, and I watched the corporal as he hunted up his saddle. We had lived on half rations for a week, so the whisky would be both meat and drink, and we looked for its forthcoming greedily.

We saw the corporal find his bag, unlock it, and then take the big coloured bottle it contained out. He turned it round in his hand and looked at the label, and then, all in a moment, he went pale; I saw his mouth twitch, as though in pain, and he nearly dropped the bottle.

Then he came over to where I was and showed me the label. I nearly cried out; it read.

POISON.
PRUSSIC ACID.
Army Medical Depôt.

And that was all.

The thoughts that surged through my brain just then, I shall never forget. I knew now I was doomed; and, if it was any comfort, it seemed the rest of the party must also perish. But why had the doctor in camp played upon us so dastardly a trick? What could have been his motive? Upon whom could he wish to revenge himself, if that was his motive? And was it possible that the man who had ever been the guardian and the life of our isolated retreat could have done this thing purposely, maliciously?

He might have put the wrong bottle in by mistake; it may have been changed in a moment when his back was turned. These and a thousand other things rushed through my head all in a moment, and as the men crowded around and saw what was the matter, they also grew pale. At last I grew sufficiently cool to ask the corporal:

"How do you account for it?"

"It may have been a mistake, sir," he said gloomily.

"It may have been!" I replied bitterly.

"Or it might be"—the corporal had grown cooler than any of us now—"it might be," he repeated, as much to himself as to us, "that it really is whisky, put into a bottle that once contained prussic acid."

My heart jumped a bit at this.

"But how would you account for that?" I asked eagerly.

"Well," said the corporal, "I know we've been short of medicine bottles at the fort ever since we've been there, and the doctor may have washed out the bottle carefully, if it is whisky in it, and forgotten to scratch off the label."

It took me a minute to think this over calmly, and then I asked:

"Well, how are we to find out?"

The corporal took the cork from the bottle and tried to see if he could make out its contents by smell. But we had all lost our senses of taste and smell long ago through long exposure to the biting winds, and the corporal might just as well not have tried.

"Is there no other way of finding out?" I asked, after he had given it up, and some of the other men had their turn.

"There's only one way, sir," he replied slowly, "and that's by drinking some."

"Is prussic acid very deadly?" asked one of the men.

"Nothing more so," again replied the corporal grimly. "Nothing more deadly; nothing more painful."

The men looked away from one another at this, and one or two swore. It looked as though Fate was playing a game with us, hinging our lives upon the turn of a card or the toss of a coin, with the chances all against us. And we didn't know what to do.

We stared blankly at each other for a long time, and then the men trooped off singly to think it over by themselves.

At last one of them, rather well-known in the company for his gambling spirit, came to where I was, and said so that everybody could hear:

"There's only one thing to be done, sir. Somebody's got to try the stuff to see what it is, and I propose that we draw lots."

The other men, who had not gone far off, turned their heads at this and looked at me. I could only return their gaze.

"I'm willing," said one of them surlily, after a pause.

It seemed our one hope—our only hope. I knew I couldn't order such a transaction, but I knew I could set an example, so I said:

"It seems the only thing to do. If the men are willing, I am. I cannot order it, but I will say this: I shall insist upon taking my chance with the rest. We are all in a desperate fix, and it looks as if one man must sacrifice himself for the rest; for if it is whisky, it will bear the others up for a time, and there's always the chance of finding the way again. If the other men are willing, the sooner it's done the better."

The man who had made the suggestion turned to the other men and said:

"Well, what do you say?"

One by one, led by the man who said he was willing, they gathered round me and the other men who were thawing out in token of assent, and gloomily awaited the test.

The gambler drew seventeen wool threads out of his blanket, and bit them all of a length, with the exception of one. This he bit in half. He then placed them on the snow under his fur cap with just the ends sticking out, and rolled them away from one another. I insisted on first draw.

I leant my head forward and grasped one between my teeth, closed my eyes, and drew forth a long one.

In the eighth draw the unlucky short one came out. The man who drew it gazed at it blankly, until the gambler brought up the bottle and handed it to him. He looked at it a moment doggedly, and then threw it to the ground.

"I ain't going to drink that," he said fearfully; and then as the gambler was about to say something he turned on him and said: "You needn't say it. I don't care whether I drew it or no; I'm not going to drink it; and I can't be ordered to."

And then he strode sulkily away.

All eyes turned on me.

"He's right, he can't be ordered to do it," I said wearily. "I really can't blame him."

"Then let's try again, sir," said the gambler; but two of the other men who had already drawn safely said they'd taken their chance once, and if the other man wouldn't drink it, they wouldn't.

And so it was really no use.

"Give me the bottle, and I'll try it." We all turned to see who had spoken so quietly—it was Smith.

The gambler picked up the bottle and handed it to him. He looked at it a moment placidly, drew forth the cork, and tried to smell it again. The man who had drawn the short thread and refused to drink turned back and watched.

Smith cleared his throat, looked round at us a moment, and then, turning the bottle up to his mouth, took a drink.

We waited. After a little while he drank again.

In the still, frosty air the other men might have heard the throb of my heart-beat, if it wasn't for the tumult of the throbbing of their own.

After a moment:

"It's whisky all right," said Smith, and we sighed to relieve the tension.

"Are you sure?" asked the gambler.

"I ought to know!" he replied with pensive grimness.

And then we laughed, and some cried, all together, like children, and the man who had refused to drink sobbed.

"It's all right, old chap!" said Smith, patting his back comfortingly, and then he turned away, while we cheered, with tears in our voices, after him.

* * * * *

The heroic deed we had witnessed, coupled with the whisky for those who needed it, put new hearts in us, and after two days' hard marching, we came across a trail of many hoof-prints, as though a cavalcade had passed, and a few hours later caught up with a dozen of our own soldiers, who were one of three searching parties come to look for us. In our blind marches we had gone round almost in a circle, and learnt we were not more than fifteen miles away from the fort. We all got there safely, and managed to recover.

Smith cleared his throat, looked round at us a moment, and took a drink.

When they learnt what had transpired, they still continued to call our saviour "Whisky" Smith, but the name from thenceforward took on a new significance, especially to us who knew.

The doctor apologised profusely, and we were too glad at getting back to blame him.

We sent no further expeditions against the young Indians; but some months later found that as soon as the big snow storm began they gave up their "heap big drunk" and returned to the reservation of their own accord, where they allowed themselves once more to be guided by the superior judgment of their elders, and lived in peace. Smith was killed in a skirmish near Kandahar some years later, where he still continued my servant, and of how he died I some day may tell. But when they put him down into the ground with two or three others, and fired three rounds of blank over them, I am not ashamed to confess I dropped a silent tear into his open grave.

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Here are two women who dragged on this fashion for twenty years; a thick slice to cut out of the thin average of a human sojourn here below—twenty years it was in each case. They are strangers to each other, but, wholly unwittingly, they say substantially the same thing. How many more like them do you suppose there are in England? Enough to fill Hyde Park with the saddest multitude you ever set eyes on.

Why don't they get well? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no medicine in this enlightened country to cure them? You hunt about for an answer to that question while I set down the facts as plain and short as I know how.

"For over twenty years," says Mrs. Charlotte Dennis, "I was miserable from indigestion and the weakness that always goes with it. In all that time I don't believe I ate a single hearty meal. It was simply impossible. If I had been worth a million pounds, with all the luxuries of the earth at my command, I should have been half starved just the same.

"My appetite was hardly fit to call by that name. What little food I took did not give me any strength to speak of, and, after eating, I had a sense of weight and coldness of the stomach, pain at the chest, and an uneasy feeling around the heart.

"Finally my left side came to have no sensation in it, and I would occasionally fall down as though from want of support there. All this made me nervous, so that I slept by rolls, and seldom had anything like what may be called a night's rest. In the morning I arose tired and flagged, and in no condition for work or anything.

"As the complaint took more of a hold on me I grew weaker and weaker, and my legs and ankles commenced to swell, as if with dropsy. For months together I was confined to my bed. I was treated by doctor after doctor, and spent many pounds in physic; but I might better have let it alone and saved my money, for no good came of it.

"At last Mr. John Whitworth advised me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, and it soon relieved me. My food agreed with me, and I gained strength, and in a few weeks the trouble went away altogether, and I have been a well woman ever since."—(Mrs.) Charlotte Dennis, Cross Lane, Measham, June 7th, 1899.

The same experience is related by the other woman. She adds that her breathing was so bad that she could not lie down on her bed at night, but had to be propped up with pillows:

"In time I became thin to the point of emaciation.

"There were periods of months continuously in which I was not able to do anything. Year after year this was the wretched life I led. There was but small comfort in it at best, and no happiness at all. I look back upon it now as one looks upon a nightmare dream, or as a traveller looks upon a time when he was lost in the wilderness and only escaped with his life.

"At last the knowledge came that led me to the remedy. Somebody who called at our house left a small book that had in it accounts of people who had been cured of the same complaint that ailed me by Mother Seigel's Syrup. Merely *hoping* there might be truth in these stories, though not really believing them, I bought the syrup and began using it.

"From that day I improved, and it wasn't long before I was confident this was the medicine that was going to cure me. It seems like asking you to believe a good deal, after you consider how long and badly I was ill, but it *did* cure me, and I have enjoyed good health ever since, and you are welcome to tell the whole nation of it."—(Mrs.) M. Jones, Canol Llan, Eglwysbach, N. Wales, R.S.O., August 9th, 1899.

Among people like these Mother Seigel's Syrup has been doing a great and good work for thirty years past. A host beyond counting bless the day when they first heard of it. Yes, and every soul of them is helping us tell the news to the rest.

Thirty Years' Unbroken Success

In curing Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Biliousness, and other complaints, which are as common as they are hard to bear, has won for

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

a good name in

572,000 BRITISH HOUSEHOLDS.

When illness comes they turn to the remedy whereon Experience has taught them to rely. And they are never disappointed. It is a NATURAL TONIC, extracted from RARE ROOTS AND HERBS.

rations with him, and, when one is lost in these regions, there is no trail to mark the way back to any settlement, only long, even stretches of white, white snow, and villages hundreds of miles apart.

After we had goaded our poor tired horses on for nearly another hour, seeking some sort of shelter from the wind, such as trees or a hollow in all directions, unsuccessfully, we decided we'd have to rest awhile, and then set out on our quest again.

The label read: "Poison. Prussic Acid."

It would not do for one or two of the men to try to find such a refuge alone, for once they started out, the chances were they would never find their way back again, so the only possible thing for us to do was to keep on together.

After about an hour's rest we started out again, this time leading our horses, until we were weary once more, when we rested again; and I think we must have continued this all night long, and almost half into the next day before we found ourselves in a narrow gully that, though not deep enough to afford much protection, had to answer our purpose under the circumstances; and, indeed, we were glad enough to have found this, for the winds were terribly biting; and here I decided we should sit hard until the snow ceased to fall, and we should be able to see our way again.

The men and horses were terribly knocked up; they had had no real rest for fully thirty-six hours, and were so genuinely tired that some of the men were careless of the manner in which they wrapped themselves up when they lay down to sleep, and in the morning it was found that one had frozen to death during the night.

We became more careful after this, but the horses suffered most.

The storm lasted seven days, an unusually long time even for those parts, and at the end of that time my force was reduced to twenty-one men, four having died; and of our horses only half the original number remained.

It now having cleared, the predicament we had most dreaded was realised, for, after seeking for nearly ten hours for some familiar landmark unsuccessfully, our guide informed me we were lost!

How shall I describe the following five days? We journeyed this way and that, always according to systems, but always also without bringing us within sight of any civilisation. I had lost two more men, and then came what I shall never forget, the dreadful fifth day!

Five of us who were left woke in the morning to find our limbs frozen stiff, quite unable to budge either hand or foot further on the journey; and I was among the five.

Now, up to this time, whenever whisky had been needed to help any man through, we had drawn on the stocks we individually carried, each man, even down to Smith, realising through the stern tutorship of the experience we were undergoing how precious was every drop; and they had used it only under the direst necessity. But this morning it was all gone, every drop, and I knew we'd have to resort to the bottle the doctor told me I should find locked in his corporal's saddle-bag.

I had never mentioned this for fear that the knowledge of reserve might tempt the men to extravagance with their own; but now its use had become imperative, and in the hoarse, feeble tones left me, packed almost up to my neck in snow to thaw out gradually, I ordered the men to dig me out so that the corporal could take the key from my pocket.

This done, I was packed in again, and I watched the corporal as he hunted up his saddle. We had lived on half rations for a week, so the whisky would be both meat and drink, and we looked for its forthcoming greedily.

We saw the corporal find his bag, unlock it, and then take the big coloured bottle it contained out. He turned it round in his hand and looked at the label, and then, all in a moment, he went pale; I saw his mouth twitch, as though in pain, and he nearly dropped the bottle.

Then he came over to where I was and showed me the label. I nearly cried out; it read.

POISON.
PRUSSIC ACID.
Army Medical Depôt.

And that was all.

The thoughts that surged through my brain just then, I shall never forget. I knew now I was doomed; and, if it was any comfort, it seemed the rest of the party must also perish. But why had the doctor in camp played upon us so dastardly a trick? What could have been his motive? Upon whom could he wish to revenge himself, if that was his motive? And was it possible that the man who had ever been the guardian and the life of our isolated retreat could have done this thing purposely, maliciously?

He might have put the wrong bottle in by mistake; it may have been changed in a moment when his back was turned. These and a thousand other things rushed through my head all in a moment, and as the men crowded around and saw what was the matter, they also grew pale. At last I grew sufficiently cool to ask the corporal:

"How do you account for it?"

"It may have been a mistake, sir," he said gloomily.

"It may have been!" I replied bitterly.

"Or it might be"—the corporal had grown cooler than any of us now—"it might be," he repeated, as much to himself as to us, "that it really is whisky, put into a bottle that once contained prussic acid."

My heart jumped a bit at this.

"But how would you account for that?" I asked eagerly.

"Well," said the corporal, "I know we've been short of medicine bottles at the fort ever since we've been there, and the doctor may have washed out the bottle carefully, if it is whisky in it, and forgotten to scratch off the label."

It took me a minute to think this over calmly, and then I asked:

"Well, how are we to find out?"

The corporal took the cork from the bottle and tried to see if he could make out its contents by smell. But we had all lost our senses of taste and smell long ago through long exposure to the biting winds, and the corporal might just as well not have tried.

"Is there no other way of finding out?" I asked, after he had given it up, and some of the other men had their turn.

"There's only one way, sir," he replied slowly, "and that's by drinking some."

"Is prussic acid very deadly?" asked one of the men.

"Nothing more so," again replied the corporal grimly. "Nothing more deadly; nothing more painful."

The men looked away from one another at this, and one or two swore. It looked as though Fate was playing a game with us, hinging our lives upon the turn of a card or the toss of a coin, with the chances all against us. And we didn't know what to do.

We stared blankly at each other for a long time, and then the men trooped off singly to think it over by themselves.

At last one of them, rather well-known in the company for his gambling spirit, came to where I was, and said so that everybody could hear:

"There's only one thing to be done, sir. Somebody's got to try the stuff to see what it is, and I propose that we draw lots."

The other men, who had not gone far off, turned their heads at this and looked at me. I could only return their gaze.

"I'm willing," said one of them surlily, after a pause.

It seemed our one hope—our only hope. I knew I couldn't order such a transaction, but I knew I could set an example, so I said:

"It seems the only thing to do. If the men are willing, I am. I cannot order it, but I will say this: I shall insist upon taking my chance with the rest. We are all in a desperate fix, and it looks as if one man must sacrifice himself for the rest; for if it is whisky, it will bear the others up for a time, and there's always the chance of finding the way again. If the other men are willing, the sooner it's done the better."

The man who had made the suggestion turned to the other men and said:

"Well, what do you say?"

One by one, led by the man who said he was willing, they gathered round me and the other men who were thawing out in token of assent, and gloomily awaited the test.

The gambler drew seventeen wool threads out of his blanket, and bit them all of a length, with the exception of one. This he bit in half. He then placed them on the snow under his fur cap with just the ends sticking out, and rolled them away from one another. I insisted on first draw.

I leant my head forward and grasped one between my teeth, closed my eyes, and drew forth a long one.

In the eighth draw the unlucky short one came out. The man who drew it gazed at it blankly, until the gambler brought up the bottle and handed it to him. He looked at it a moment doggedly, and then threw it to the ground.

"I ain't going to drink that," he said fearfully; and then as the gambler was about to say something he turned on him and said: "You needn't say it. I don't care whether I drew it or no; I'm not going to drink it; and I can't be ordered to." And then he strode sulkily away.

All eyes turned on me.

"He's right, he can't be ordered to do it," I said wearily. "I really can't blame him."

"Then let's try again, sir," said the gambler; but two of the other men who had already drawn safely said they'd taken their chance once, and if the other man wouldn't drink it, they wouldn't.

And so it was really no use.

"Give me the bottle, and I'll try it." We all turned to see who had spoken so quietly—it was Smith.

The gambler picked up the bottle and handed it to him. He looked at it a moment placidly, drew forth the cork, and tried to smell it again. The man who had drawn the short thread and refused to drink turned back and watched.

Smith cleared his throat, looked round at us a moment, and then, turning the bottle up to his mouth, took a drink.

We waited. After a little while he drank again.

In the still, frosty air the other men might have heard the throb of my heart-beat, if it wasn't for the tumult of the throbbing of their own.

After a moment:

"It's whisky all right," said Smith, and we sighed to relieve the tension.

"Are you sure?" asked the gambler.

"I ought to know!" he replied with pensive grimness.

And then we laughed, and some cried, all together, like children, and the man who had refused to drink sobbed.

"It's all right, old chap!" said Smith, patting his back comfortingly, and then he turned away, while we cheered, with tears in our voices, after him.

* * * * *

The heroic deed we had witnessed, coupled with the whisky for those who needed it, put new hearts in us, and after two days' hard marching, we came across a trail of many hoof-prints, as though a cavalcade had passed, and a few hours later caught up with a dozen of our own soldiers, who were one of three searching parties come to look for us. In our blind marches we had gone round almost in a circle, and learnt we were not more than fifteen miles away from the fort. We all got there safely, and managed to recover.

Smith cleared his throat, looked round at us a moment, and took a drink.

When they learnt what had transpired, they still continued to call our saviour "Whisky" Smith, but the name from thenceforward took on a new significance, especially to us who knew.

The doctor apologised profusely, and we were too glad at getting back to blame him.

We sent no further expeditions against the young Indians; but some months later found that as soon as the big snow storm began they gave up their "heap big drunk" and returned to the reservation of their own accord, where they allowed themselves once more to be guided by the superior judgment of their elders, and lived in peace. Smith was killed in a skirmish near Kandahar some years later, where he still continued my servant, and of how he died I some day may tell. But when they put him down into the ground with two or three others, and fired three rounds of blank over them, I am not ashamed to confess I dropped a silent tear into his open grave.

"THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD"

"So you have never seen the sea?"

- An - Australian Idyll.

By ETHEL MILLS.

"WILL you come for a walk, Kate? The sunset is such a pretty one—it will look grand from the hill—quite worth seeing!"

"Goodness gracious, Archibald! Don't you see that I'm making melon jam?"

Oh, yes. Archie Douglas could see that well enough—the fact was apparent in the hot fire-flushed face of his betrothed, and her sticky kitchen apron. Kate Williams was always making something, from pickled cabbage to guava jelly, and he sometimes wondered if she would find spare time enough to go the altar with him.

His mother and Kate were too practical to care for sunsets, and even had the latter come with him, she would not have been a sympathetic companion. She was a handsome, fresh-faced girl, sole owner of the best sheep station in the district, just as he was owner of scrubby, pear-infested Barganie, and she spoke frankly of the time when her thousand pounds should help towards ring-barking and making the latter place a paying one.

Any young fellow might deem himself lucky to be the promised husband of such a well-endowed young woman, and Archie was quite sensible of his good fortune. He had met very few women in the lonely western district, and, if he sometimes wished for a different sort of companionship, it never entered his head that a woman could supply the want.

He jumped the little rocky stream that shone like a silver hem to the flowing sweep of the hill, and then climbed rapidly until he reached a large, flat stone, which formed a platform in front of "The Caves," although their entrance was hidden by a screen of dwarf wattle. There he paused—a picturesque figure, with his athletic form and dark Scotch face.

He was listening to the sound of the wind, as it rushed through the tops of the trees below him, and he was looking at the sweep of pale grey cloud, flecked with rose where the sun was setting. And he spoke his thoughts aloud.

"I suppose that is like the sea."

"Yes, it is like the sea on a calm day, and the wind in the trees might be the sound of waves."

Archie turned quickly round to see where the answering voice came from.

The wattle screen had parted — held wide by two of the smallest, whitest hands he had ever seen, and in the open space stood a girl in a pink cotton gown.

"So you have never seen the sea?" she said curiously, stepping forward, and letting the boughs slip through her fingers, which sparkled with rings, and the rays of the setting sun turned the gems into points of flashing light.

She threw herself down on the rock, and regarded him closely, with her big serious grey eyes.

"You would like to see it, I suppose?" she added.

"All my life I've wanted to see it," he answered briefly, too much astounded at this sudden apparition to set forth his shield of reserve.

"Take a trip seawards when you go for your honeymoon with Kate, and watch the ebb and flow 'of moon-led waters white'—with Kate——"

Douglas flushed.

"Now, don't be angry," said the girl, a sudden merry sparkle transforming her eyes, and two seductive dimples appearing made her pale little face a pretty one. "No one is ever angry with me. Now, I have said nothing against Kate, have I?"

"No; but you seem to know a good deal about my affairs."

"And you know nothing of me or mine; hardly fair, is it? Oh, Archie Douglas, dreamer of dreams, lover of beautiful things, and owner of a barren station, and part owner of the heart of the district's heiress——"

The young man flushed again, and turned as if to walk away. This was too much.

"You know I speak truth," continued the soft, mocking voice. "Your rival is and always will be household duties, etc., etc., the best rival a man can have. Stop and let us look at this sunset-sea; we may never see its like again."

They watched the red disc dip behind the level cloud strata, turning the distant trees to gold-dusted green, in silence, and then, as she made a sudden, swift movement of departure, Douglas caught her hand in his.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "How do you come to be alone here?"

"Who am I? The most envied girl in Australia, and the most unhappy; there's a riddle for you. Perhaps I shall be here again, the third day from now, and if you can spare a few moments from Kate, why——"

"Take care," he shouted, as she pulled her hand away, and sprang to the bushes, "the cave is behind you, it's dangerous."

"Not to a cave dweller," she laughed, and the bushes closed behind her, as Douglas sprang to the rock and dashed after her.

The entrance to the caves was through a narrow shaft, with a drop of eight feet to the floor. He was just in time to see the mischievous face raised for a moment in defiance, and the flash of the white hands on the ledge, as the girl's form slipped into darkness.

Then an echoing voice floated faintly to his ears.

"Go home, Archie; go home and talk to Kate, and think of Gwendolin."

With a muttered oath of disappointment he slipped over the ledge and dropped easily to the sandy floor. The inner cavern ended in a perfect *cul-de-sac*, and he would have this witch-woman caught nicely. He fumbled for a moment for his matches, and then found and lit one. The outer cave was empty. As a boy he had explored every nook and cranny, and he had played "bushrangers" in them with the station lads, in imitation of those fabled outlaws who had robbed escorts and hidden here in early days—so that he laughed to think how impossible it was she should have escaped him.

But the inner cave was empty too. He looked everywhere, even behind the boulder in the corner, which guarded another narrow, well-like shaft—supposed to be fathomless. He threw a match down. No, it was impossible for any living thing but a rock wallaby to get down that way, unless she had fallen. His heart stood still at the thought. He threw down a little bundle of lighted leaves, and a cloud of bats rose, filling the cavern with a rush of wings—they had evidently not been disturbed before.

Utterly disgusted and mystified, he retraced his steps. Was he, indeed, pixie-led? There were no girls on any of the stations adjoining Barganie. This hill was a spur of the narrow range dividing his run from Wellcamp, and Wellcamp had lately changed hands; but though so narrow the range was scrub-covered and impassable—a place of steep ravines and granite precipices, and the road round was a thirty-mile one. She could never have come that way. Perhaps she belonged to some travelling party camped on the reserve; but somehow her fresh pink frock, and muslin and lace sunbonnet looked out of keeping with the wear and tear of travel.

That evening he smoked on the east verandah, his eyes on the rugged outline of the cave mountain.

A vision of a little saucy face kept blotting out Kate's calmly handsome one, and the fact irritated him.

"Come and sit out here awhile, Kate," he said at last, "and put away that eternal crochet."

Kate sighed, and complied, taking one of the squatter chairs beside him.

"Did you ever know a girl called Gwendolin?" he said abruptly.

"Let me see. Oh, yes. There was a Gwendolin Hardacre at Miss Rainford's school in Brisbane—a horrible girl. Why do you ask?"

But Archie changed the subject by taking one of Kate's capable, broad-fingered hands in his own.

"Suppose we go to the sea for our honeymoon?" he said softly. "You know I went to school in an inland town. I have never seen it. I sometimes think that the wind in the pines is like the sound of waves complaining on a level shore."

Kate yawned. She could not help it when Archie got into a romantic mood, and quoted poetry, which she detested.

"I think it would be a needless expense," she answered. "You can see plenty of pictures of the sea. I saw it once at Sandgate. It was like a cartload of glass bottles on a dust-heap—and seaside lodgings are always full of measles and other objectionable things. For my part I'd rather come straight home here. It will be in the middle of the fruit season, and I can't bear to think of leaving the bottling of the peaches to the servants. But why did you ask me about Gwen Hardacre?"

"I don't think I did ask you about any particular Gwen Hardacre; Hardacre, that's the name of the young Victorian who has bought Wellcamp, I believe."

"Is it? Anyway, Wellcamp is quite out of our district, though it is comparatively close. May I go now? Your mother is going to label the jam, and I promised to help her."

* * * * * * *

"I came for a bit of fun at first," said the girl; "I'm coming now because I like it. Do you know that it is over a month since I first met you; this sort of thing can't go on."

"Why not?" said Archie. "I've kept my promise to you—not to follow you or to try to find out who you are until you choose to tell me. If you only enjoyed this friendship one-half as well as I do, I should be satisfied."

"Friendship!" said Gwen mockingly. "What a difference there is between us, though we are both twenty-five. I am years and years older than you are, and I know there isn't such a thing as platonic friendship."

"But there is. You and I are a case in point," said Douglas eagerly. "We like the same books, we have the same ideas about so many things, we are so perfectly happy and contented when we are together. You cannot think how I look forward to the three days a week I see you."

"Oh, yes, I can. And I suppose if we were both men, instead of being those dangerous opposites, a big, dark man and a small, fair woman, you would be just as eager to hurry through your day's work and come for a chat with me."

"I never thought of it in that light, but I suppose so. Why should a question of sex make all that difference?"

"Why, indeed; there are easier questions to answer than that. But time flies, and I should be flitting citywards to take up the serious work of life again. This has been a holiday—a very pleasant one; but it cannot last for ever. Are you ready to say good-bye, Archie?"

He turned pale under the clear bronze of his skin.

"Of course, I knew it must end some day," he said. "At any rate,

"Are you ready to say good-bye, Archie?"

To enliven your Easter holidays, be sure that you take a copy of the April PEARSON'S MAGAZINE with you. With PEARSON'S to read, time flies on the longest railway journeys.

"Serious Hip Disease.

Imagine my feelings when I was told that a third operation would be necessary."

E. W. B. DYKES.
(From a photograph.)

We usually refrain from publishing the extreme and extraordinary cases where cures have been effected by Scott's Emulsion, but there is a case at Weston-super-Mare presenting phases quite worthy of attention. There have been many similar cases which have come to our notice, as well as more extraordinary ones, but this is so really typical, and it is so aptly told, that we think if it is known it will possibly do a great deal of good to others.

The young gentleman in question is well known in his vicinity, and writes the following letter:

"5 Glentworth Terrace,
"Weston-super-Mare,
"March 5th, 1899.

"Dear Sirs,—When I reveal the benefits which I derived from Scott's Emulsion I think that everybody who reads this letter will agree that I am only doing my duty in helping to make known its merits. I was suffering from a serious hip disease, and had to undergo two serious operations at the Weston Hospital. I suffered for months in that hospital, and you can imagine my feelings when I was told that a third operation would be necessary. In fact, I doubt if any of the doctors believed that I would really get well. My disease kept breaking out at the hip, and I was in a state of extreme emaciation. I cannot tell exactly why my mother began giving me Scott's Emulsion; possibly it was because it had been of great relief when I had inflammation of the lungs. At any rate, before deciding the question of the third operation, from which I shrunk as I would almost from death, we began a treatment of Scott's Emulsion to see what effect it would have. In a short time I commenced to feel stronger, my cough got much better, and the discharge gradually diminished in its daily flow. I went daily to the hospital to be dressed, but I finally left that off, and began to dress my wounds myself. I do not wish to reflect in the least upon the doctors who so kindly attended me, but, nevertheless, I really feel that it was owing to Scott's Emulsion that I was not only spared a third operation, but also was restored to health. For two and a half years the wounds have been perfectly healed, so that we feel sure the cure is permanent. I am now a teacher at the Weston-super-Mare Central Board School, and had I been in a condition of ill-health I could not have passed the Government certificate. I feel thoroughly convinced it is to Scott's Emulsion that I owe my life, and I can now join heartily in a good rough game of football without feeling any bad effects. The fact that Scott's Emulsion has an action on disease seems to have been perfectly and conclusively proved in my case, and I have much pleasure in testifying to this fact, in order that possibly others may be cured in the same way.

"Yours very truly,
(Signed) "E. W. B. DYKES."

Is it not easy for the reader of these lines to imagine the dread which Mr. Dykes had of the third operation? And is it not plain to everybody that he is pleased to relate his own experience for the benefit of others?

There is no doubt whatever about the effectiveness of Scott's Emulsion in diseases of this nature. This well-known remedy contains cod-liver oil, hypophosphites, and glycerine, and offers these standard remedial agents in the easiest form for the patient. That cod-liver oil has a direct action upon disease can hardly be doubted. In the form of Scott's Emulsion this oil is easily absorbed and feeds the blood with the properties which enable Nature to overcome wasting diseases. Scott's Emulsion meets with favour just in proportion as its advantages are made known, and the public can have the satisfaction of knowing that this is a remedy which is endorsed by physicians, and conforms in every way to medical practice.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott and Bowne Limited, Manufacturing Chemists, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

Weak Digestion and Poor Blood.

Food, its Digestion, and the creation of Strength therefrom are the mainstays of Life.

Guy's Tonic gives you Appetite, enables you to enjoy your Food, gives you the ability to digest it, and the power to re-digest or assimilate it, *i.e.*, to make new life out of digested Food to strengthen your Nerves, and to invigorate your Muscular and Physical Powers.

The great stumbling block in the perfection of these processes is inefficient or debilitated Digestion. This condition Guy's Tonic immediately and actively corrects.

Nervous disorders, Exhaustion, Brain fag, easy tiredness, and slackened energies are the direct result of mal-nutrition caused by faulty Digestion.

The Nerves must be fed, the Blood also, and the Tissues most of all, from digested Food, and they can obtain Strength only by this means, and by none other. Guy's Tonic enables them to get this Food.

Guy's Tonic ensures both complete first Digestion and that later and immensely important re-digestion or Assimilation. This enables the Body to recover waning Strength and lost vigour, particularly when subject to feverish colds, chills, and general Nervous run-down.

Guy's Tonic enables your System to abstract and utilise every grain of nourishment from the Food you eat.

You are thus built up by Food digested and re-digested by the aid of Guy's Tonic.

A Tonic alone will not cure; it is an impossibility, but the Tonic and far-reaching Digestive agent widely known as Guy's Tonic does cure, and cures completely, and cures quickly.

Immediate relief follows the use of Guy's Tonic. Try it for its efficacy, and for the good it has done in practice in many thousands of obstinate and chronic cases.

Mrs. F. Thomason, of 27 Park Road, Folkestone, writes:

"I have derived wonderful Benefit from Guy's Tonic. Everyone says I am "looking better, and then I tell them what I am taking. They hardly believe that a "simple Tonic would make such a change in me, because I was simply Starving "through my Food not Digesting."

Mrs. Manning, of 89 Roseleigh Street, Cliftonville, Belfast, writes on Feb. 6, 1900:

"My husband and I have taken Guy's Tonic occasionally for some years, and "have found it very Beneficial and Satisfactory for General Debility of the system "and Sluggish Liver."

Joseph M. Rees, Esq., of 20 Carmarthen Street, Canton, near Cardiff, writes:

"I have read your Book on Digestion, and being in ill-health I tried Guy's "Tonic, and feel much better. For Wasting Diseases it is remarkable. I have "recommended Guy's Tonic to several people."

"Edwin H. Stout, Esq., Manager of the "Review of Reviews," Mowbray House, "Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C., writes:

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An extremely interesting and dainty booklet, containing much valuable information regarding Digestion, has just been published under the title of "Digestion—what to eat and what to avoid," and we can confidently recommend its perusal to any one who wishes to find out how to make life worth living. Among many other interesting items are twelve simple rules regarding the taking of Food, two of which—to thoroughly chew the food and eat slowly—are said to always have been carried out by Mr. Gladstone.

Then there is a capital Chart, giving the average time of Digestion, from which we gather that of fish, soles and stewed oysters are best; of game and poultry, partridges and boiled fowls; of fruit, bananas, cherries, ripe pears and prunes; of meat, boiled tripe and boiled calves' feet; of sundries, brains, boiled and Swiss milk, raw eggs and pearl barley; and of vegetables, mushrooms, asparagus, leeks, boiled rice, watercress, spinach, seakale, Brussels sprouts and vegetable marrow. Then we find rules for increasing weight, with diet table for those who desire to reduce obesity.

For weak people and Dyspeptic sufferers this book is invaluable.

It only remains to say that the book will be sent free to anyone who will send name and address to the Guy's Tonic Company, 12 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. Name *Pearson's Weekly* when writing.

A new size (Six Ounce) Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

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THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

NEAVE'S FOOD

"ADMIRABLY ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF INFANTS."
Sir Chas. A. Cameron, M.D.

For INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

To J. R. Neave & Co. 34 Clearland Gardens, Hyde Park, London, October 11th, 1899.

Sirs,—I enclose a photo of my little boy aged seven months, who has been reared entirely on 'Neave's Food,' and is as fine and healthy a child as could possibly be, never having known an hour's illness.

I am constantly being asked by people—my Doctor included—what I feed him on, and I have the greatest pleasure in strongly recommending 'Neave's Food.' You can make what use of this letter you like.

Yours faithfully (Signed) MAUD E. ROSSITER.

HAS FOR SOME TIME BEEN USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.
A Most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

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LOOK LIKE?

You are naturally curious to know all about it. Well—

The Daily Express

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The Daily Express will not copy anybody or anything; it will have a style, method, and appearance of its own; and yet will present the news in a form at once intelligible, natural, and interesting.

In the important matter of appearance it will present some novel features which will give it an original and attractive aspect, while not departing from the accepted canons of good taste in the art of newspaper production.

The Daily Express

Will set forth all the news with precision and clearness, but on an entirely new plan. The size of the page will, approximately, be that of the *Times*—and there will be eight pages of seven columns each. The price will, of course, be *One Ha'penny.*

All the news will be given. The whole world will be kept touch with by means of a staff of Foreign and Colonial Correspondents which is believed to be of unequalled strength, whether in numbers, disposition, or resources. In the European Capitals and Principal Cities, in the Far-Eastern Domains of India, Russia, China, and Japan, in the great South African and Australasian colonies, in the United States, Canada, and South America, there are specially-appointed representatives of

The Daily Express

who will keep it promptly informed of everything which may be of interest to the British people. Special attention will be given to all matters affecting our Commerce. Home and Foreign Markets will be fully reported, and a vigilant eye will be kept on all opportunities for extended trade.

For Foreign, Political, and General News the conductors of the new ha'penny journal believe they have exceptional sources, and no pains or expense will be spared to make use of them to the full. Everything of interest or importance that happens throughout the world will be faithfully reported, accuracy being in all cases the first quality aimed at.

Similarly, throughout the United Kingdom, **The Daily Express** will be everywhere represented by experienced Correspondents, who have been specially instructed to keep it informed, on somewhat novel lines as to the daily life and movements of our great provincial populations.

Thus, throughout the whole domain of General News, Politics, Finance, Commerce, Sport, Law, Religion, Literature, Art, and Amusements of the world, **The Daily Express** will fulfil every possible want in a manner combining the best traditions of British Journalism with all that is newest and most up-to-date in the Popular Press of to-day.

The Daily Express has made the amplest arrangements for securing prompt and detailed news of the war against the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Seven brilliant writers and experienced campaigners have already gone to the front in the interests of

The Daily Express

As a newspaper for the Home, **The Daily Express** will, it is believed, be without a rival. Every day there will be a special feature for women, dealing not only with such matters as Fashions and Domestic Affairs, but with the wider field of interest which has of late years been opened up to women in the departments of Sport, Business, Education, the Professions, &c., thus making **The Daily Express** an ideal woman's paper.

In dealing with all matters of public interest the opinions of **The Daily Express** will be those of that great public which believes in Moderation, Tolerance, Fair Play, and a Spirit of Honour. Upon this point, however, it must speak for itself in due time. For the present it can only invite the British people to expect a Novel, Attractive, and Complete Ha'penny Morning Paper, well worthy of their confidence and support.

THE PAPER FOR THE BUSY MAN,

THE CITY MAN,

THE COUNTRY MAN,

FOR ALL and EVERY MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD IN THE KINGDOM.

tell me who you are, and all about yourself now. I hope that we shall meet often and be life-long friends. This sort of thing could not last, of course."

"Perhaps you would like me to come and stop with you and Kate, when you are married," laughed the girl. "We could talk Browning and sunsets while Kate made melon jam. What a dear old stupid you are, Archie, in spite of your twenty-five years."

"I should like it," said Archie sturdily, "and so would Kate."

"But my husband might not like it."

"Your husband!" he said.

"Oh! I'm not married yet. Some months ago, a well-known society paper published the rumour of an engagement soon to be between a popular aide-de-camp and a smart society girl. Do you know what it is to be a smart society girl on a limited income?"

"I can guess," said Archie impatiently. "Go on."

Gwen was leaning against the weather-stained grey stone; he lay at her feet, and she smiled down into his eager eyes.

"Well, the aide had proposed to the girl. He was a long time making up his mind, so she determined to be a long time making up hers; and she was clever enough to know, I think, that her 'yes' would have an added value if she did not give it to him at once. She wasn't a bit in love with him, but she meant to take him, all the same. She was anything but a perfect woman, you see. So she fled right away out west, to a friend's station, and while there she found the best thing in the world. It all came of an idle ramble, and a path through granite rocks, that a little black boy showed her, and, although she had found the best thing in the world, it was not for her, and so she thought it right to say 'good-bye.'"

A pathetic catch in her voice, a sudden rush of tears to the bright grey eyes; and at sight and sound Archie sprang to his feet, and took her in his arms, and in another moment had learnt all there could be in a kiss.

"And so it is I whom you love after all?" she said.

Douglas stroked back the red-brown curls from the low white forehead.

"How could I help it?" he said. "I have been wanting you all my life. And yet I am so poor. I dare not ask you to share that life."

"Then I shall ask you," said Gwen. "My dear," she added seriously, "I am wise enough to know that love—true love, like ours—is the only thing worth having in the world. If one loses that there are plenty of second best things, I suppose. I had meant to be content with a second best existence; but I cannot now."

"I am going away," ran the letter.

For answer he kissed her again. "You will let me come back part of the way to-night," he said. "I will ride over and see your brother—for I guess Jack Hardacre is your brother—to-morrow."

Gwen shivered. "Jack won't be pleased," she said. "In fact, no one will be pleased but our two selves. So you want to come underground with me. How funny it is that you never knew of the exit. You might have guessed that no self-respecting bushrangers would choose a hiding-place with only one opening—to be caught like rats in a hole any time."

"You must never come this way again, Gwen; the opening is somewhere in the other shaft, I expect, but it's an awful place; tradition says it is 'bottomless.'"

"Yes, as far as I know it is. That makes it all the more exciting. You hang for a moment over the valley of death, but your feet can't miss the ledge. You have only to be careful not to slip, and the opening is just in front of you. The bats live further down, thank goodness! I can't stand bats. After that it is all plain sailing—as level as a carriage road—and the little dog-cart waits for me all the time. That black boy is worth a king's ransom. I wonder what Jack would say if he knew."

The far-off Angelus of the station bell floated to them.

"Let us go," cried Archie. "I must hurry back and tell Kate to-night. Thank Heaven, she does not care for me, except as a friend. There can be no doubt of that."

"Oh, Archie, you must not!"

Archie stared at the troubled little face in astonishment. "Of course, I must tell her at once," he said, "so that she can give me back my promise——"

"But she will not give it back."

"Not when I tell her how I love you? Of course she will. Kate is a sensible girl, and has many admirers—you don't understand her in the least."

"Perhaps I understand her better than you do. I was at school with Kate Williams. It was hearing that she was staying at Barganie first made me think of coming over to see her. No, no. Let us marry and tell her afterwards. She would not care then."

"My darling, it would not be honourable. I am bound in honour to tell her."

"And suppose she won't let you off?"

"Suppose the impossible. In that case, I should have to abide by my word; but why worry over such vain imaginings, when we have so many pleasant things to think of?"

"It is you she wants, and not your love," she said, briefly; and then, "Instead of coming home part of the way with me, stay a little longer here, and then hurry back and get the ordeal over. I will be here quite early to-morrow, and you can meet me once again before you see Jack, and you can tell me how things are."

And so they stayed a little while.

• • • • • • •

He told Kate the whole story that night as they sat on the verandah. She had brought out a lamp, and was crocheting busily all the while. She heard him in perfect silence. Then she said:

"And while you have been philandering with that shameless little flirt, wasting your time, I have been making all arrangements for our wedding. My dress is being made; my relatives have sent presents—beautiful house linen from Belfast, and a lovely dinner service. Once and for all, Archibald Douglas, I mean to hold you to your promise. The idea of letting a sentimental flirtation interfere with your prospects in life. Are you blind that you cannot see what is good for you?"

"But, Kate, you do not seem to understand. I love her; I cannot live without her. I——"

"Spare me," interrupted his betrothed. "I've heard the Grammar School boys gushing over Gwen Hardacre just as you gush over her now. The abominable little wretch has flirted ever since she was a foot high. Why, she can't even cook a plain joint. You would be miserable in a month." And Miss Williams' blue eyes blazed with anger as she noted how white her lover's face had grown.

"Remember that I love her—that she loves me," he pleaded. "You will ruin two lives, Kate."

"Two fiddlesticks," said Kate. "In a year or two Barganie would be foreclosed upon, and where would you be with a helpless wife and nowhere to go? Gwen Hardacre indeed! Why, she is half engaged to Captain Plowden-Leigh."

"So your decision is final."

"It is; and you will live to thank me for it yet."

• • • • • • •

Next day, when Archie kept his tryst, he found the rock wallaby in undisturbed possession, and a small grey-papered note was lying on the granite rock, weighted by a tiny diamond ring.

"I am going away," ran the letter; "Jack and I take the coach for the township this evening.

"I know you, and I know Kate Williams.

"You are honourable in a way I am not, and will keep your promise to her, though it break your heart.

"We are ancient enemies, she and I; and she will make you keep your word. Well, she has scored this time.

"I love you, and always will, though I may take the 'second best' thing in life after all. I have only one thing left to ask you, by the love I know you have for me. I am not a strong-minded woman, I have none of the anchors that will help you to weather the storms. I am one of the faultiest, weakest creatures God ever made, or a good man ever loved. And so that you can keep your memory of me as I know you would like it to be, promise me that you will make it the one object of your life never to see again "GWEN HARDACRE."

And Archie Douglas, standing by the pyre of his shattered hopes and hopeless love, and seeing the long years stretching before them, when they must still live their lives in the grey world, understood and promised.

• • • • • •

A year afterwards he was smoking in the eastern verandah one evening, while Kate read the weekly paper inside. Like the good wife she was, she came out to read him the telegrams, and then, casually, the description of the grand society wedding between Gwen Hardacre and Captain Plowden-Leigh.

"So much for broken hearts and ruined lives," she said.

Then something in her husband's face told her that more pleasantries on the subject would be ill-timed; and she wisely left him.

THE FIRST NUMBER

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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

24 Pages. One Penny.

On October 21st of last year we issued the first number of the *Illustrated WAR News*, which immediately jumped into a mammoth circulation and a world-wide popularity. It was devoted entirely to a chronicle of the war between Briton and Boer. At enormous expense we sent out special artists and correspondents to the Front. In the columns of the *War News* we have had contributions from Dukes, from members of Parliament, from military experts galore, and from those in high official positions. Wherever we could obtain reliable and interesting news we went for it.

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But it a curious thing that whilst the luck of the war went against Great Britain the people of this country took more interest in it than they do now. The interest in the war is evaporating with our victory. People may be getting tired of the war, or they be falling into that state when they think "all's well"; but whatever is the cause we notice in 'bus, train, tram, and general conversation there is not that thirst for news there used to be.

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Well now, although there is no falling off in the number of our readers at present, a time may come when there will be, and in an endeavour to prevent this, and to keep our paper as a permanent factor in English journalism, we have to-day turned the *Illustrated War News* into the *Illustrated Weekly News*, and further:

We have Increased its Size from 16 to 24 Pages.

In the new paper there is just as much war news as ever there was before. In addition there will be found all the general news of the week, a serial story, and many other features. You may like to have the *Weekly News* regularly or you may not. In any case it is worth your while to buy the first number, on sale to-day, and try it.

THE BIGGEST SHOWS ON EARTH.

ALL ABOUT THE GREAT EXHIBITIONS OF THE WORLD.

On the eve of the opening of the great Paris Exhibition one is naturally curious to know how, and in what way, the first international exhibition came about, was it a success, and which are among the leading ones of the greatest exhibitions of the world?

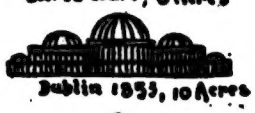
Britain led the way, as usual, with the Great Exhibition of 1851, the first international show, and it was a great success.

The original idea of such an exhibition is attributed to Mr. F. Whishaw, secretary of the Society of Arts, in 1844. It was not taken up, however, till 1849, when the Prince Consort moved in the matter. Exhibitions on a smaller scale had been held both in Manchester and Leeds, and one in Dublin, as early as 1827, while the first held in London was called the National Repository (near Charing Cross) which was opened under Royal patronage in 1828.

But passing over these and smaller exhibitions, which were opened from time to time in several parts of the country about that period, and coming to the subject of the world's international exhibitions, it remained for Britain, as we have said, to promote the first—the redoubtable—Great Exhibition of 1851.

The Royal Commission for this was appointed in January, 1850, and at the first meeting of the body it was decided to rely wholly upon voluntary contributions; and when an appeal was made, a fund of £300,000 was soon raised.

Earl's Court, 8 Acres


Dublin 1853, 10 Acres

Florence 1861, 10 Acres

Architects of all nations submitted designs, but the one chosen was that made by Joseph Paxton, whose handiwork now comprises the buildings of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The entire floor space measured twenty-three acres, while the area of the buildings covered nineteen acres of ground. There were altogether 4,000 tons of iron used in the structure, and seventeen acres of glass.

London 1851, 19 Acres

London 1862, 23 Acres

Two years after the close of our great exhibition, New York followed with a crystal palace, but as an exhibition it was a dire failure. Americans would have none of it, for being organised only by a few persons of capital, who doubtless thought that it would prove a paying concern, the nation looked askance at it. Had it been made a project of the people, and a representative movement, the New York Exhibition of 1853 would have been a success, but being launched as a private speculation it lost much of its international importance.

The other big show of the same year was that held in Dublin. This owed its existence to Mr. Dargan, who advanced £80,000 for the purpose; but while successful as an exhibition it failed to attract the international interest it merited, nor did it in a financial way prove a success.

Next in importance came the great Paris Exposition, of 1855, preparations for which had been begun in 1853. The number of exhibitors in this was 24,000, as against 18,000 in ours of 1851; while the buildings covered twenty-nine acres of ground, as against nineteen of ours. In greatness, this was the chief one so far, but what it gained in size it lost in originality and success as compared with its British predecessor.

Florence, Italy, made a brave attempt at a great show in the year 1861 with examples belonging to four great departments, industry, fine arts, agriculture, and horticulture, but the second great sister exhibition of London (opened the following year) being *sur le tapis* it rather damped the ardour of exhibitors generally and visitors, and so the Florence show did not meet with that measure of success it deserved.

In 1860 the Prince Consort, fully alive to the fact that such exhibitions acted as a stimulus to producers and manufacturers, again moved the British nation to have another international exhibition, and backed his belief in its success with the offer of a guarantee sum of £10,000, provided that £240,000 was subscribed by other people. The amount was soon forthcoming, a Royal Commission was appointed; half a million sterling was now guaranteed, building operations commenced at South Kensington, when the scheme received a severe blow by the death meanwhile of the Prince. But the exhibition was opened by the Duke of Cambridge and Royal Commissioners (the Prince Consort died a few months before) May 1st, 1862.

The death of the good Prince impaired the success of the undertaking and damped the hopes of 29,000 exhibitors, their number being greater by 11,000 than those exhibiting in the exhibition of 1851. That it was intended at the outset to out-rival all comers is shown by the fact that the floor space alone occupied twenty-three acres, or four acres more than the sister show of 1851.

The year 1867 saw the opening of the "Universal Exposition of Paris," which occupied in floor space thirty-six acres, thus breaking the record. Again the Champs de Mars was selected as the site, the space covered including the identical spot of the first Paris Exposition, that of 1798 (national not international).

The building was elliptical in form, one storey high, and composed of vast concentric oval compartments, leaving a central court of one and a half acres.

The exhibits were so arranged that each nation occupied a separate division. Over 4,000,000 persons paid for admission.

The Vienna Exhibition opened May 1st, 1873, by the Emperor of Austria, and in the presence of the Prince of Wales, was designed by an Englishman, Mr. Scott Russell. A guarantee fund of one million sterling was found at home, and universal interest was shown in the undertaking. The site selected was the Imperial park, known as the Prater, just outside the city. The grand central rotunda, 312ft. in diameter, with lofty dome, was built after the style of the Pantheon, suspended on iron girders in place of masonry, and dwarfed St. Peter's in Rome. The total cost of the buildings exceeded £2,000,000 while the receipts from visitors was only £1,250,000, but the exhibition materially assisted in raising the commercial prestige of Austria, from which she is now benefiting. The Government paid off the deficit.

After Vienna came the great Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876, held in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of American independence.

The covered-in space amounted to 50 acres, and while 1,000,000 square feet was allotted to the States, a space of 200,000 was given to Britain, 100,000 to France, and 60,000 to Germany. It was open for 159 days and 10,000,000 persons paid for admission, yet it was a loss.

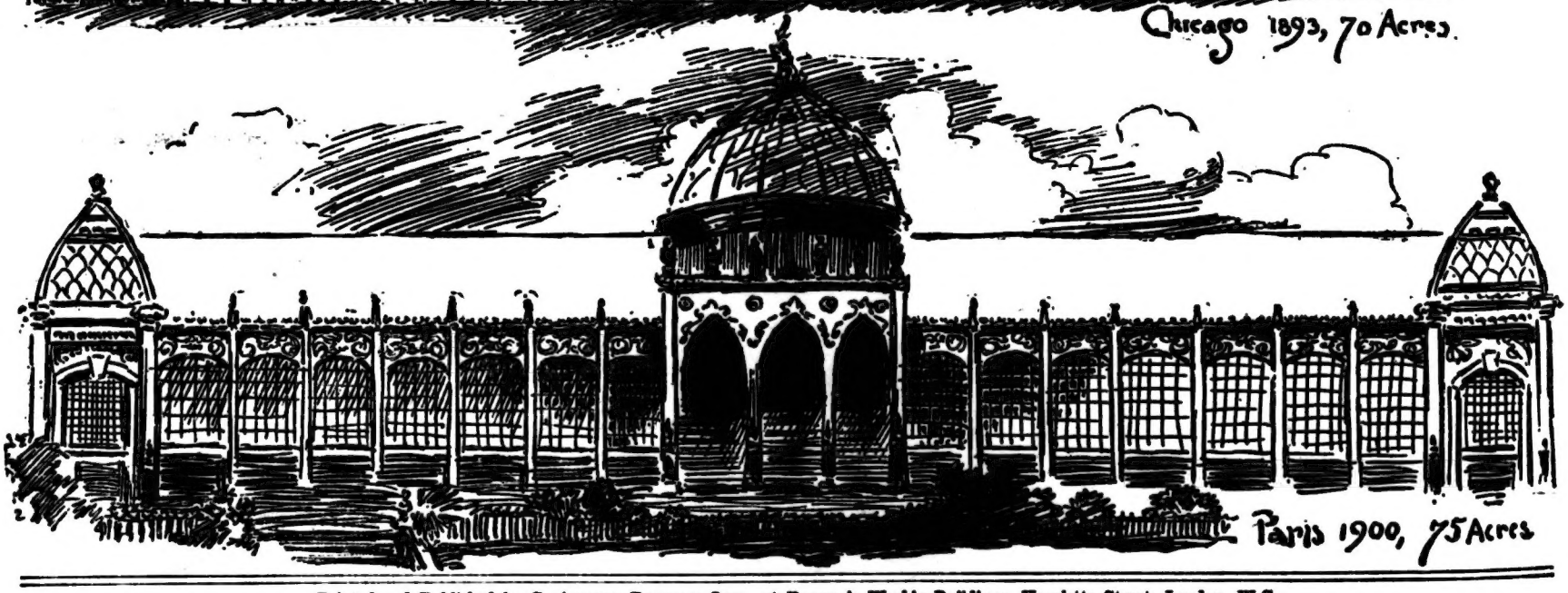
The Paris Exhibition of 1878 occupied a covered-in area of 80 acres—the largest on record—while the number of visitors was 16,000,000, yet the receipts only amounted to £506,149.

The Paris Exhibition of 1889 excelled all its predecessors in point of magnitude and comprehensiveness, for the total area it took up was 173 acres, a little less than half being covered in.

Londoners and our country cousins are apt to gaze with bewildered eyes on our own beloved Earl's Court Exhibition, and impress in their minds the belief that it is a giant in every way, in size, comprehensiveness, business detail, and the like; but when you consider the fact, that notwithstanding the apparent magnitude of the Earl's Court Exhibition, the entire space only covers twenty-four acres, it will give you some idea of the vastness, for instance, of the World's Fair at Chicago (1893), with a total area of 400 acres, of the Liverpool Exhibition (1886), with a covered-in space of thirty-six acres, and Manchester (1887), forty acres.

The Paris Exhibition of 1900 (opened at Easter) will be the second largest international exhibition ever held in point of size (total area over 200 acres), and the first in interest of the century in regard to its wonderful collection of exhibits.

Chicago 1893, 70 Acres


Paris 1900, 75 Acres

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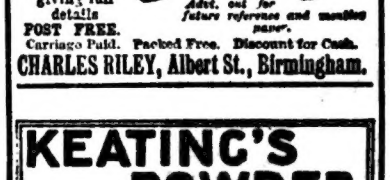

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7½ ft. by 9 ft. ...	9/11	9 ft. by 12 ft. ...	10/6		15 ft. by 18 ft. ...	19/6
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